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NEXT MONTH'S SPECIAL FEATURES

When there are three women there is intrigue—a Chinese proverb around which George Madden Martin has written a story of Chinatown, the war, and jealousy. Read "A Chinese Triangle"

Stop making your curiosity offensive! Don't stare at wounded soldiers. Samuel Hopkins Adams concludes his interesting narrative of work done for disabled men, and tells how *you* can help

"The Doughboy Atop of the World"—that is the American soldier in Germany. It will be a story of facts, written with understanding and with a whimsical humor by William Allen White

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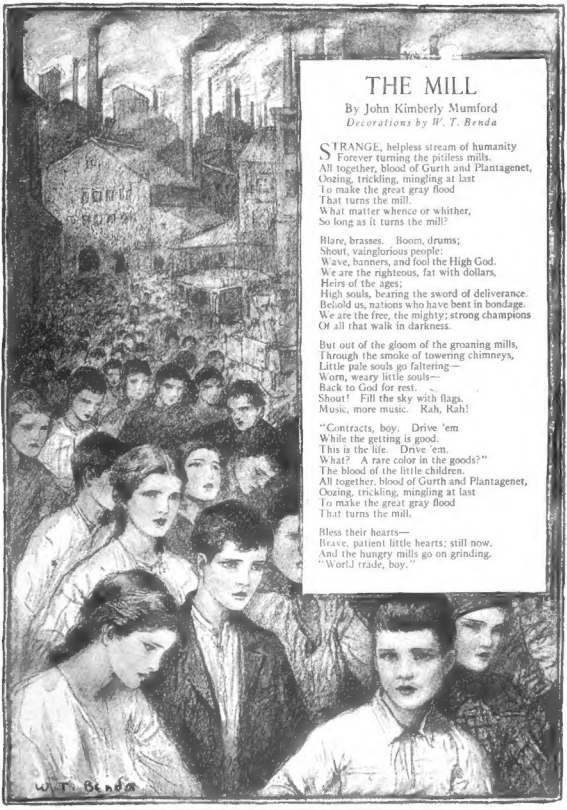

THE MILL

By John Kimberly Mumford

Decorations by W. T. Benda

STRANGE, helpless stream of humanity
Forever turning the pitiless mills.
All together, blood of Gurth and Plantagenet,
Oozing, trickling, mingling at last
To make the great gray flood
That turns the mill.
What matter whence or whither,
So long as it turns the mill?

Blare, brasses. Boom, drums;
Shout, vainglorious people:
Wave, banners, and fool the High God.
We are the righteous, fat with dollars,
Heirs of the ages;
High souls, bearing the sword of deliverance.
Behold us, nations who have bent in bondage.
We are the free, the mighty; strong champions
Of all that walk in darkness.

But out of the gloom of the groaning mills,
Through the smoke of towering chimneys,
Little pale souls go faltering—
Worn, weary little souls—
Back to God for rest.
Shout! Fill the sky with flags,
Music, more music. Rah, Rah!

"Contracts, boy. Drive 'em
While the getting is good.
This is the life. Drive 'em.
What? A rare color in the goods?"
The blood of the little children,
All together, blood of Gurth and Plantagenet,
Oozing, trickling, mingling at last
To make the great gray flood
That turns the mill.

Bless their hearts—
Brave, patient little hearts; still now.
And the hungry mills go on grinding.
"World trade, boy."

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"There is that little toddling brown baby in the street of the Mutton Butchers—really too small to shift for herself."

"In the Matter of a Little Brown Girl-Child" (Page 4.)

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FOR OUR CHILDREN'S SAKE

The International Red Cross to Cement Peace and Link the World in Kinship

WAR has wrought many subversive changes. Most momentous and far-reaching—indeed, underlying all the rest—it has opened the way by which the child shall come into his own. In the child to-day, more than ever before, is centralized and symbolized all of human life and endeavor, of renewal, of growth, and of progress.

If the wisest and most earnest minds of our time have been bent with passionate concentration upon the solution of peace problems, it has not been merely for the good of living men and women. It is a stretching forth of hands and a projection of thought into the future, to smooth the way of life for oncoming generations, to banish from the horoscope of our children the old woes from which the nations have yet ceased to suffer.

The whole world—France perhaps most keenly—has come in the past four years to realize the importance of the child. The absorbing purpose of right-minded men is to see that their children, and all children from this time forth, shall be born into a richer and better heritage; that they shall not be slaughtered as soldiers in needless war; that as non-combatants, they shall not suffer and die of cold and starvation, nor confront in innocence the vagrant perils that ride the tempest of international conflict. The war—we know, now that it is beginning to pass into retrospect—was fought for the children, for the future of the race which they typify and of which they are the parents. And childhood did its share.

The struggle now ended was not waged in anger. Undertaken at first in self-defense against aggression, it became in its gradual unfolding a crusade. Even at the moment of its most horrible intensity, it was distinguished by the absence of rancor and of hate. To the end that war might cease, millions of men, free from all thought of hatred, went smiling to their fate. It was a willing sacrifice to the future, an immolation of self in order that the world of men might come thereby into a long æon of peace.

If the sky is still black, if chaos and disorder and misery seem for a time to run riot through the earth, it is not strange. These are the receding clouds of conflict. So great a change in the conditions and purposes of mankind could scarcely be wrought without an utter upheaval of civilization. Even now there is beginning to emerge from the shadows a new and better world, in which our children and our children's children shall find new opportunity, new hope, and happier life.

Governments have given expression to their recognition of the new order by colossal enterprises of governmental relief to suffering, in the distribution of countless tons of food, clothing, and medicine. "No sentiment in business" is the outworn slogan of a selfish, over-reaching age. The longer and more completely the business of nations can be inspired and dominated by the sentiment of humanity, of fair play, of mutual help and mutual benefit, the longer peace will endure and the tides of trade run smoothly through the Seven Seas.

But there is a step further, to clinch, to cement, and perpetuate this new truth, this new faith that the world has found. The Peace Conference of the nations can, by unanimity, hedge war with insurmountable obstacles, but the International Conference of Red Cross Societies, perhaps the war's greatest outcome, will do more. It will combat the impulse to war, by keeping alive the consciousness of human kinship.

The work of research and formulation that has been under way at Cannes, in preparation of a plan for a coöperative union of the Red Cross societies of the world, is intended to supplement and confirm the agreements of nations by a widespread unity of peoples. It is enlisting the best intelligence of the world in an effort to bring all men and women into closer sympathy, whatever their race or religion. Its purpose is to wipe out the barriers of language and of distance, to centre the daily thought of people everywhere on the everlasting truth that humanity's welfare is humanity's first consideration, and that service and sacrifice run in ever-widening circles as the range of understanding grows. The unselfish sacrifices which civilization has made during the past four years are quite sufficient to show that this is not a vain imagining.

The new mission of the Red Cross is to join the hands of alien races in union against the terrors of pestilence and calamities of nature. It is the stitch in time, the world-wide ounce of prevention. It is to draw mankind together in united thought and effort for the common weal, to banish ultimately not alone the ghastly suffering of war, but the perennial spectres of disease, of ignorance, and of bad living. It is to expel by international contact and coöperation the ancient devils of suspicion and distrust, of race hatred and religious intolerance, to create a new background for life, a new world to live in.

And beyond and behind all, it is to give to children yet unborn a new and a royal legacy. It is for this that we have suffered, and for this that in long patience and stout purpose we work.

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IN THE MATTER OF A LITTLE BROWN GIRL-CHILD

By Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by
Thomas Fogarty

OPEN the map of Asia and choose a spot at random.

Jerusalem, Aleppo, Beirut, Bagdad, snobbish Mecca, sublimely certain of its sacerdotal privileges and abuses, or shimmering, yellow Damascus, stretched out like a tiger asleep in the sun. Beyond, in the far heart of the continent, Bokhara-i-Shareef or stony-eyed Kabul; or, in the west, Cairo, towering in her great, poignant beauty above the sand banks and silt isles of the Nile like a Saracen watch-turret set among mud-chinked fellah hovels.

Cities, they, of different color, different atmosphere.

Cities, and villages, and countrysides, where the sky holds strange orange and cerise lights, barred with clouds of purple and maroon chiffon, which add something to one's knowledge of sunsets; others chillily steel-gray and silver, and hard like Jeypoor enamel; still others an even, tranquil turquoise, very luminous, yet without sheen. Cities pink and mauve and bistre and peacock blue and chocolate brown and glaucous green niched with arrogant scarlet; cities dazzlingly white on a sad background of sepia; cities and villages that seem like flakes of snow dropped on sullen granite slabs; countrysides of soft curves and heliotrope gossamer vapors, rising to a horizon of unlikely green; houses and fields that stare at you with all the unspeakable melancholy, with all the stark patience of the swinging Asian centuries.

Cities and fields.

And crowds.

Crowds of all Asia, speaking the languages of all Asia.

Aryans and Semites and Mongols, and a dozen unclassified, aboriginal races. Solemn, impassive Osmanlis; straight-backed, narrow-hipped Arabs, walking with the arrogant swagger of their breed; cunning-faced Levantines; anxious-eyed Armenians; tawdry Stamboul Jews; green-turbaned, wide-stepping *shareefs*, the spiritual aristocracy of Islam; Albanians bristling with weapons and impudence; desert Bedouins with cotton in their nervous, flaring nostrils so as not to smell the unclean abominations of the city streets; Kurds and Copts and Druses and Greeks and Syrians—and all the other *dramatis personæ* of the Arabian Nights and the Russian Ballet.

Too, the women after their kind. Some more beautiful than the moon on the fourteenth day, others more grotesque than anything in M. Doré's illustrations of the "Contes Drolatiques;" some dressed in the latest fashions of Paris and New York, others—a grateful relief, they, to the blaze of raw color all about them—in white, totally concealed under the inevitable *yashmak* and the swathing, voluminous *baik*.

Men and women of motley races that have hated and cursed and cheated and fought and killed each other for centuries; yet, though they have mulched the fields to overflowing with their blood; though creed after creed, people after people, claimed hegemony or claimed, simply, the right to live and worship, though they have caked the pages of Asia's annals with the acrid sweat of their sufferings and their hatreds, there is still between them one unbreakable link—and it is the child.

For it is the soul of the child that is the soul of all the East; it is the promise of the child that is the promise of all the East; it is, in a way, the child that rules the East . . . the child of Asia, which is even more spoiled than the American child.

The which is a good thing.

Again then, open the map of Asia and choose a spot, at random, anywhere.

Look for the little child which is the real meaning of life to the Oriental, be he Jew or Christian or Moslim—the child which is the epitome of the Orient's throbbing heart.

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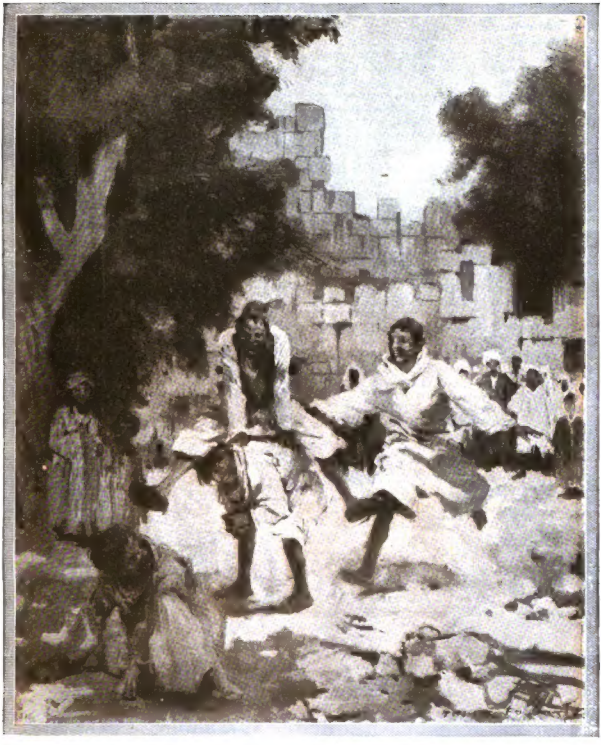

"The games of the older boys are more athletic, as in America. There is 'Leap Frog' and a Palestine edition of 'Duck on the Rock.'"

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It is right there—you can't miss it—in Aleppo, or Jerusalem, or far Bokhara; on the corner of the Street of the Mutton-Butchers, in the *Suk-es-Saigh*, the "Bazaar of the Goldsmiths," or playing beneath the arched colonnades of the Mosque of Ali Omar, the sweetmeat-seller . . . a little fat, brown girl-child who laughs at you because you are an American or European, and therefore ridiculous, and who calls you a very bad, or a very affectionate name; either of which will cause you to blush, though you be a New York man-about-town or a Paris *boulevardier* washed in the waters of seventeen times seven sins.

THEN, if you have a smattering of Arabic or Turkish or Armenian, you cuff the small girl-child very gently and you give to her the equivalent of three cents in tiny copper coins. But you do not tell her that she is a pretty wee thing. For that would bring evil on her in spite of the blue beads which she wears around her throat for protection against bad *djinni*, and perhaps the mother is near by, carefully watching and listening . . . and there is also the possibility that the father across the street in the coffee-house may be a six-foot Arnaut with starched petticoat and homicidal antecedents.

Children everywhere—laughing, playing, singing, dancing.

Perhaps they decide to play "London Bridge Is Falling Down"—the Palestine version, be it understood, which, after all, does not differ so very much from the Anglo-Saxon variety.

Only, instead of proclaiming:

"London Bridge is falling down, my fair lady," they sing, in a doleful, minor key:

"Iftahu il bab ta noodkhul ana wa arabanti"
("Open the gate for me and my carriage to enter.")

and when the girls and boys who make the gate drop their hands, they ask you:

"Shu biddik, il ainab w'illa il tien?"
("What do you want, the grapes or the figs?")

and they call the game:

"Iftahu il Bab—Open the Gate."

Again—and I saw this with my own eyes, at a little oasis near Bir Abbas in Arabia, going on pilgrimage to Mecca—they will be thoroughly westernized, wild-westernized rather, and play a game called "Cowboy and Indian"—"*Kabbyieh Hindyieh*" is their approximate pronunciation. And I hope it will not make too much difference to the Wyoming and Montana contributors to the Red Cross to know that Arab cowboys and Arab Indians glory in exotic names like Mohammed, Moustaffa, Abderrahman, Faizl, Said, or Ahmet; that the red-skin is usually the victorious hero; that the cow-girls and squaws—nobly represented by a couple of desert-bred hoydens, Aziza and Ayesha, with indigo tattoo marks on foreheads and nostrils—take a gory and decidedly unladylike part in the proceedings; and that the scalping process is performed with that eternal, ubiquitous playtoy of all the East: a bone of a sheep.

Go wherever children play—Osmanlis or Kurds, Armenians or Arabs, Druses or Greeks—and you will see that the sheepbone represents everything from a doll to a sword, from a Pasha's horsetail-ornamented shelltree to a British gunboat, from a mosque to a church. And here again, as in the Palestine version of "London Bridge Is Falling Down," the East is very much like the West, for the children of Rome and Greece used that identical sheepbone for a play thing, and they still do in parts of Sicily and southern Spain and Malta.

There is chiefly one game which is a favorite in Palestine and in which it is used; and this game is called—"*El mukara*—The Whip."

Out from her treasures little sloe-eyed Tameeli brings her sheepbone, about one and a half inches long and half as thick, and she sits down on the floor in a circle with her friends, Kerimi and Mariam and Lydia and stout little Sabha, the water carrier's daughter—his fourth daughter, forsooth, whom therefore her father usually addresses by the nickname "Enough," as a warning for daughters yet unborn to keep away.

With a practised hand, Kerimi starts rolling the sheepbone. It stops with the flattest side, the one that juts out a bit, up, and by the same token Kerimi is elected commander. Mariam rolls next. Up comes the flat, deep side of the bone which means that she is the whip. Lydia rolls the bone to the third side, becoming the sheep, while Sabha, the water carrier's daughter, rolls it to the fourth side—the one with a hole in it—and is promptly pronounced:

"Thief! Thief! Stole the sheep! Thief!", and the sheepbone with the help of a piece of string and a handkerchief having been changed into a whip, she is promptly given the bastinado—none too gently, I am afraid.

AND so they play until Na'ami, Tameeli's mother, comes into the room with sticky sweetmeats and lemonade and figs, after which Tameeli decides that, before her visitors go home, they should have a game of "The Hen and the Chicken," and Na'ami herself shows them how they used to play it where she was born—on the pleasant slope of Mt. Hermon.

"Haddi," she counts, *"baddi, kabr, Mohammed il Bughdadi, Shielu, bultu fe badi."*
("Sway, beginner! The tomb of Mohammed from Bagdad! Take it away. Put it on this.")

Then, by a mysterious and involved process, a Leader and a Victim are chosen, the latter kneels in front of the former who puts her back lightly, singing the while:

"Beat the drum in the courtyard:
But for the cat, the mice would eat us up—
Root and branch—
Root and branch—
Tree and leaf and flower!
Beat the big drum in the courtyard.
For the father of Othman has come from the wars.
The father of Othman has planted a garden—
A green garden—
A red garden—
A garden silver and gold.
The father of Othman shouted a brave shout,
And the wall of the garden fell from the shout.
Beat the drum, the big drum, in the courtyard,
And answer:
What do you want—
The hen or the chicken?"

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"The hen!" cries the kneeling girl.

"*Ouk—ouk—ouk!*" the Leader imitates the hen's cackle, and then all the other girls crowd around and tickle the Victim's back.

"Whose hand is on top?" asks Na'ami, in her rôle as master of ceremonies; and, if the Victim guesses right, the girl she has guessed takes her place.

And what, do you ask, happens if the Victim chooses the chicken instead of the hen?

Why—just exactly the same. For children are ancient and wise and have, therefore, a sound and very constructive contempt for logic and drab, stultifying consistency.

The games of the older boys are a little more athletic, just as in America. There is "Leap Frog," and a Palestine edition of "Duck on the Rock," an intricate ball game called "*Haddack*," which has nothing to do with a fish but means "Stop where you are"; a game called "Black Man," which resembles the English "Prisoner's Base"; and, in cool weather, "Bee and Wasp," a great favorite with the rough young Arabs, in which two boys stand back to back with elbows locked and, jerking quickly, suddenly, swing each other on their backs alternately.

THUS they played and sang and danced in the years —it seems decades ago—before war came, in the rolling boundlessness of a nation's mad ambition, bruiting afar the thunder word of a mad Kaiser, echoing it from the west to the east of Europe and, beyond, from the heights of Quebec and the skyscrapers of New York and Chicago to the matted jungles of Central Africa —and on, to the cities and fields of sleeping, dreaming Asia.

Thus they still play, though war has passed over the land, chilling the hearts of the grown ups with the steel of it, rolling over the fields and vineyards and orchards and olive groves like a sheet of smoldering flame, yellow, burning, inexorable, thundering against the hope of mankind, and killing that hope . . . nearly—not quite!

For there are still the children playing amongst the crumbling ruins of former towns and villages, playing the same games which were once played by the boy Abraham and the young Mohammed and the gentle Christ Child. And so, because of the children, because of their foolish games and dances and songs, because of the wee fat girl-baby who called you such an outrageous name in what was once, before the Turkish and German shells swept over it, the Street of the Mutton-Butchers, you will decide that the East isn't so bad after all, and you will decide to make it yet better—to help, in other words.

Money?

Of course.

But not only money.

Too, sympathy and tolerance and understanding. For money and sympathy, to quote the Afghan saying, are like food without hospitality.

And—why *shouldn't* you give? Give back, rather. Give back a tithe of what the Orient gave to you, royally, liberally, not counting the costs and the heartburns, just for the glory of giving, in the days when Syria was already civilized, while the Occident was only about to emerge from its chrysalis.

Rome?

Yes. Rome had a measure of hackneyed culture. But its civilization was broken into pieces, and it was partially saved from complete ruin only by the Asians, the Syro-Christians, who brought the word of the Christ across the Adriatic and tempered the traditional cupidity and cruelty of the idol-worshiping Romans by the broadly tolerant humanity of Shem. It was the Asian genius of Christ and his Hebrew apostles which saved the Aryan genius from stagnation, and brought the first light into the barbaric darkness of northern Europe.

Thus in Spain and Sicily, where the Arabs were the first to study chemistry and algebra and astronomy and medicine and music and architecture, endowing institutions of learning some of which, like the university of Cordova, the oldest university in Europe, exist to this day.

Again the spirit of the Orient flourished in Protestantism and the Reformation. Many of the Protestant reformers were semi-Jewish, semi-Oriental in spirit. The Decalogue and the Apocalypse were studied. Anti-Trinitarianism was preached in Siena; chairs of Arab and Hebrew philosophy were founded at French and German universities; and the Calvinists and the Presbyterians were altogether of the Old Testament, of Asia, in sentiment and square force.

THUS, I repeat, give back to the East a tithe of what the East gave to you, in the days when you were poor and the East was rich. Give it to the children of the East who are the faith and the hope and the promise of the East. And give with sympathy and understanding, with tolerance and kindliness.

Forget all about religion and race and tradition. Never mind if they be Christians or Jews or Moslims; if they be Arabs or Armenians or Osmanlis or Greeks. For true tolerance is far broader than the limits of any established faith. It is as broad as the sea and as vast as Time. The creed of mutual help is a very old creed: even amongst the troglodytes chosen spirits must have known it, the red-haired barbarians of Gaul must have heard of it, and amongst the lizard-eating Arabs of pre-Islamic days it must have found adherents.

Intrinsic unselfishness is older than the Gospel, the Koran, or the Veda. Being at the core of that civilization from which all changes spring, it is in itself unchangeable, be it clothed in the words of the Sermon on the Mount or the Prophet Mohammed's three great principles of compassion, charity, and resignation. It is the greatest force in the world, greater than empires and republics and democracies.

And so, help it along. With money. With sympathy. With tolerance. Too, with a leavening bit of humor.

There are the little children, don't you see, the children who are the hope and the promise—and the future.

There is that little toddling, brown girl-baby in the ruins of the Street of the Mutton-Butchers. Very small. Really too small to shift for herself.

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UNENDING LIFE—THE GREATEST QUESTION

By E. S. Martin

THERE are questions of most unusual and extraordinary importance before the world, on the answers to which the lot of nations and would-be nations seems likely to depend for generations to come, questions so big and difficult that representatives of all the civilized peoples have been called to the conference that is trying to settle some of them, and not one great nation in good standing can be spared.

Certainly these are great matters, but the question that Easter annually puts to us is greater than any of them. And it is not a question unconnected with those others, but one nearly related to them. For whether the dead live is something closely interwoven with everything in life and every problem of human existence. If death ends all, life is one thing; but if, as Easter dawns to tell us, death is the gate to a more abundant life to which this conscious, curious life we know is all a preparation, then life is quite another matter, to be lived and used not solely for visible gains and joys, but primarily with a view to things unseen and in connection with all the possibilities of those things.

Immortality is the most important thing there is. The belief in it is the most important belief a mind can have, and is the very pith of religion. To go through this world without it is like laying one's course at sea by a compass in which there is no North. If it is true that death is not the end but the beginning—that this life and this world are the gate to a vastly greater world and life—how may we hope to manage with credit our affairs here except as we connect them with those affairs beyond our present vision to which they are related? How can we shape a course unless we know where we are going?

Columbus did it in a way. He sailed by faith to a land unmapped and brought back word that it was there. And Christ went into the unseen and came back, and that is what Easter tells us. There never was a time, when belief in immortality was so necessary to the world as now. That is partly because of an unprecedented bereavement that reaches after consolation, and partly because of perplexity and discouragement that see an old order crumbling and look about for courage to build a new one. Is life worth while that is subject to such enormous destructions and calamities? Is a race worth continuing whose members can contend and ravage so brutally? When Faith says there is more to it than this, that the young dead who died won what they died for, that there is that ahead for them, and that ahead for those who still live, that will be worth all the struggles and the pains it cost, it brings a cordial to a world that is very near the point of fainting

And there are some signs, fallible enough as yet, that the existence of the life beyond this may be re-certified with something like the assurance that, following the great adventure of Columbus, revealed exactly to Europe the western hemisphere.

It is hard to be confident about anything still so much in the experimental and hypothetical stage as psychical research, but nebulous and doubtful as it is, it does seem to be forging ahead into line with other branches of science, and incidentally to be helping religious belief. Curious phenomena which seem to spell communication between the life ahead of us and this life, and which have been under notice for fifty years and of record for far longer, have been studied with increasing attention and ability until something important seems to be working out of them. Happily they are studied by people as competent to pick out truth from a morass of doubtful testimony as any scientists alive. If there is something in them worth knowing, we shall know it. If these investigations, lately so disreputable, serve finally to revive, and spread and certify mankind's belief in the life to come, they will do an immense service to a world that sorely needs it.

For the world needs religion as it never did before, and there cannot be a live religion without belief in immortality. Given that, and religion has to follow

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Greek refugee families huddled on a ruined Turkish stable in Serbia. They were driven out of Macedonia by the Bulgars

THE AWAKENING of the CHILDREN

American boys and girls take on responsibilities as little citizens of the world

By J. W. Studebaker

National Director Junior Red Cross

IN THESE times conditions change with confusing rapidity. In thinking of American school children in connection with the world problems now confronting us, I naturally picture them against the background of their old school life. This life was made up of numerous activities imposed upon them by the adult mind, which through generations had developed the notion that by performance of stereotyped school tasks—academic, within the walls of the schoolhouse and almost wholly detached from real life—children would by some occult process eventually come to be valuable citizens.

The training of past time was given largely in terms of local tradition and upon theories of "school-teaching" which had grown up out of the ages. It was believed, or hoped, that when the training was ended its recipients would become real, active citizens in a world which swept them forthwith into social relationships that had never been revealed to them at all. They were educated in an old world and woke up in a new one. They were, in effect, put through a series of academic gymnastics which took its inspiration from the past. It did not look forward to the future with the knowledge that these children would pass immediately on into adult life carrying forward, widening, and perfecting the activities in which they had already been engaged in their school lives.

That was a fundamental mistake. School life, to attain its greatest value, must be real life. We have passed into a new stage of understanding. Children in school are not being prepared to live—they are living. That *is* their life, and it should be. The function of the school, as well as its courses of instruction, will be changed from this time forward. It will teach children to grapple with the problems which they must face in the near future and brace them for their real responsi-

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Joseph's "coat of many colors" here finds a grim rival in the pitiful, tattered garb of a tiny Serb refugee

There are hundreds of thousands of children left destitute and who are without clothing and without food

bilities not only in the community, but in the nation and in the world.

To the glory of the American teacher there was a very perceptible change in school conditions between the opening of the war and the time the United States entered it. The broadening process, the changing view point, the expanding interest were already in evidence Reflecting the very spirit of the American people and American life, the wise teacher had developed among her charges higher ideals of fair play and honest treatment which made them look askance at things that were happening. As the moral factors involved in the war situation became more concrete, they reacted in a very obvious way upon the school mind. The children were reading the news; they were hearing and engaging in discussions; they were even then casting off the traditional noose. The geography of the war countries, the history of European commerce and trade, had already taken on the color of living things. The child mind was developing strength—a strength that its elders had never suspected. It was learning to walk alone. The school unquestionably played its part, but in the main this development was the natural reaction of the child to situations and events which were constantly taking shape before his eyes.

That reaction came about simply because the American school child is at bottom a good, wholesome, fair-minded American citizen. Let nobody mistake. The child to-day is a citizen. I cannot see any dividing

line between the time when a child is not a citizen and when he is, and familiarity with the work and thought of school children during the period of this war has confirmed me in this belief. Of course, there is a difference in children. Some are as mature in their judgment when in the sixth grade in school as tens of thousands of adults who are thirty-five, forty, and fifty years of age. Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" at the age of nineteen, and a multitude of people cannot understand it at the age of ninety.

The mind of the American school child as manifested in heated discussions regarding this war was not different from that of the adult as revealed in the public press and in public meetings, in spite of the governmental admonition that we should maintain a strict neutrality. These children had a full appreciation of the situation. It took, to be sure, such form as might be expected of an immature mind; but the difference was only in degree and not in kind.

The child shows gradual development in mathematical ability; in the same way he shows a gradually developed sense of social responsibility. This sense was greatly accelerated when he saw the peoples of the world joining hands in opposition to a force against which his judgment and his very nature alike recoiled. It was due primarily to the real American ideals which had been implanted in his soul and heart. It was our idea in teaching that we should develop freedom of thought as well as of act; it was our notion that we should help people who were unfairly treated. While most of us had not then been thinking in terms of world relationship, we were nevertheless developing in children this spirit of fair play which is at the basis of the "world idea."

In the first stages of the war, when the Germans were forging over Belgium, these children reduced the situation to its simplest terms. They saw a great and selfish power prepared to take advantage of the weak, and they built up a belief out of their own judicial faculty, their own sense of fair play. They laid the foundation of the sympathy which afterward blossomed into immense and potent activity in the war, and which now is about to take a still greater step in outreaching a helping hand to the children of other lands who were the war's innocent victims.

The genesis of the thing was in the children themselves. With this feeling as a starting point they were eager to show to the world that they were "distinctly unneutral." They were taking sides.

These three little Serbs and their garb strikingly portray the utter destitution to which their people have been reduced

So when the United States entered the war the children were ready to back it to a child. Then along came the Red Cross, organizing and consolidating the non-combatant forces of the country. "Here," it said, "is an immense volume of energy going to waste. We are using everyone, men and women. Here are the children; let's organize them."

The result was simply paralyzing. Ten million children rushed to membership in the Junior Red Cross. They seized as avidly upon an opportunity to release their energies and demonstrate their belief as did the nation at large. In fact, before there was any attempt to organize the children they were organizing themselves. All over the country, since the natural workshop and social gathering place of the children was at school, they were asking the teachers what they could do to help. They recognized that they could not work alone any more than a man could fight alone. Here came the acid test of the efficiency of the American school. The desire on the part of the children to use the school as a factor for social accomplishment gave to the schoolmaster convincing proof that the school, to fulfill its highest mission, must attach itself to real purposes in life, that it must assume a place of re-

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sponsibility in the progress of social movements. It could no longer simply stand aside and continue to do the thing it had done for decades; namely, to teach the "three R's" in the traditional manner, hoping that somehow these commodities might be converted by the alchemy of the child's genius to something worth while in society.

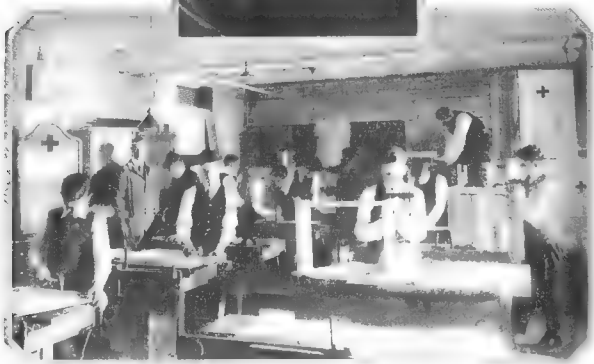
There is another conspicuous element in the change which has taken place. Under the old order we lived upon the hope that after a while the children would blossom out into citizens. Those who

J. W. Studebaker, National Director of the Junior Red Cross

few scholars above the majority who were before supposed to be stupid. There is a new spur which drives them forward, a new demand which pulls them up; we find in them inherent and unsuspected faculties. The quality of citizenship in any nation or in the world depends upon the level on which the thinking is done, and the strength of that citizenship depends upon the extent to which it is organized toward useful ends.

So the big world problem challenged the attention of every boy and girl in American schools, simply because it

Woodworking. High school boys making packing cases



had a natural gift for blossoming did blossom out, but there was a great multitude of the average who never got far beyond the bud. The injection of this new factor of cooperation, the new stimulus, picks up the inferior boy and gives him an impetus, under which he often outstrips the prize scholar. This education along new lines, this new motive force, operates to raise the average. It does away with the upstanding of a was challenging the world itself and they recognized themselves as parts of the world. It said to them, "Shall we lose these principles of freedom which we have been trained to believe in?" They wanted an outlet, they had to have it, the same as millions of grown people in France, in England, in Italy, and in Australia. They were simply expressing in action what is inherent in human nature—a desire to be free. They were willing

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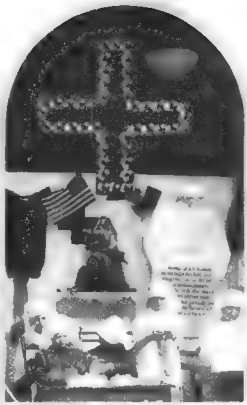
and eager to do their share and to make every sacrifice necessary for the accomplishment of the great purpose.

The school must always be responsive to the social movements. It must look forward instead of backward, and must so order its work that children may be actually participating in the life of their town or city, helping to solve social problems. American children went into war work understanding that there was an abnormal condition in the world which must be met, and following which we were to proceed with the promised



Making blankets and comforts out of samples of material

value of organization. They saw that to accomplish anything, good or evil, they must organize, that far greater force can be exercised and far more accomplished with organization than without it. They saw furthermore that this coördination of social forces extended far beyond their little school-house or their community, or their State, or their Nation; that they were, in fact, taking part in a great world enterprise.

Out of that consciousness they have seized upon a great inspiration, which absolutely will not fail nor cease. They

Junior Red Cross members at work on refugee garments

advancement of civilization and with the development throughout the world of a system which would permit people to live in freedom.

I know they thought that. They did not think the war was going to last forever; they hoped and believed it would end with victory, and that thereby the world would be made a purer and better place to live in. In helping to meet the issue they learned the cannot look upon the thing they have been doing as a local enterprise, for the very simple reason that most of their energies were spent in behalf of people far removed from their locality. They made things for soldiers going abroad. Their minds were turned outward into the world, and the world was revealed to them at last in a clear light. They were rapidly becoming parts of the big picture. They were making

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refugee garments. Why? Because they saw in the published stories and pictures of the war the people of France and Belgium, living in continual peril just behind the lines and in dire and desperate need of the things they made. To-day these American children recognize to the full the necessity of standing side by side with people in any part of the world in behalf of the principles of democracy and freedom and justice, just as they would take the part of the wronged or the unfortunate in their home villages. For children, as well as for grown-ups, the time has come when they cannot escape association with the rest of the world and cannot live any longer in blind ignorance of the ways and wants of other countries.

The epochal experience through which the childhood of this generation has passed has developed a mature breadth of vision. In the very process of helping these people there has been developed a fund of sympathy which has reacted in a wonderful way upon the child life of America. It is hard to explain on psychological lines, but we know that people, old and young, take pride in anything they have done which is accepted by their fellows as meritorious. When the children saw a chance to serve others and realized that service is one of the fundamental things in life, they developed out of it a spiritual uplift and a habit of helpfulness which was painfully lacking in the children of the past and, for that matter, in the adult as well. To-day, with the war behind us, this spirit is straining at the leash. The new power to do, the new impulse to give, is waiting for a new object, a new mission, a new field and formula.

It is not service only. Service untempered by any higher motive merely militarizes the action. You must develop an active unselfishness and a pervasive feeling of fraternity. The world may be organized to the last whisper of efficiency but, after all, what it goes round on is sentiment. It is the heart that tells the story, that leads to world movements—the heart and the imagination. If all this awakening and organized effort was simply a mechanical business the machine would inevitably run down. Add to it the power of sentiment and love of humankind and you have got a force that knows no bounds. That is perpetual motion. It is the thing that will forever stretch the hands of help across the sea.

There is to everyone a certain gratification in feeling that somebody needs him. The man or the child who is convinced that nobody needs him is headed to despair. These children woke up to the fact that the world needed them, and in that moment a new day dawned for them.

Combination of thought has great potency. In the combination and organization of these millions of children under the guidance and symbol of the Red Cross, there was born a tremendous force of sentiment, a compelling volume of energy which can be hampered or halted only at the expense of the entire child life of this country. When we were fighting the war we declared the children in and they gave a wonderful account of themselves. Now, when we are about to pass to the next and the greater stage, we certainly cannot declare them out without paying the penalty throu all the future years

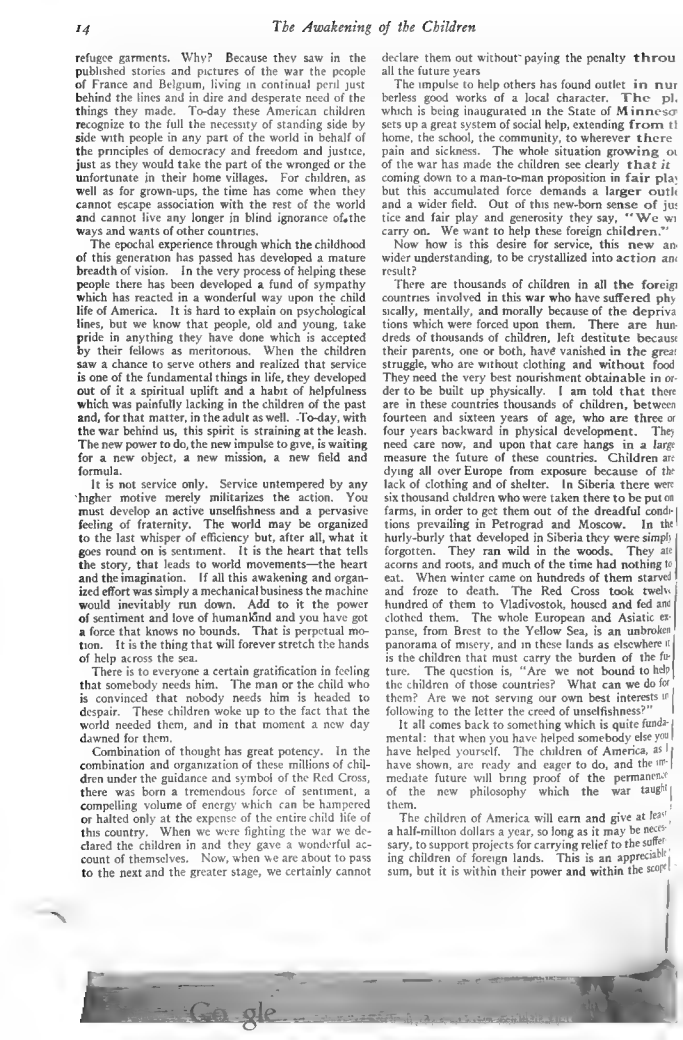
The impulse to help others has found outlet in nur berless good works of a local character. The pl which is being inaugurated in the State of Minnesc sets up a great system of social help, extending from t home, the school, the community, to wherever there pain and sickness. The whole situation growing ou of the war has made the children see clearly that it coming down to a man-to-man proposition in fair play but this accumulated force demands a larger outle and a wider field. Out of this new-born sense of jus tice and fair play and generosity they say, "We wi carry on. We want to help these foreign children."

Now how is this desire for service, this new an wider understanding, to be crystallized into action and result?

There are thousands of children in all the foreign countries involved in this war who have suffered phy sically, mentally, and morally because of the depriva tions which were forced upon them. There are hun dreds of thousands of children, left destitute because their parents, one or both, have vanished in the great struggle, who are without clothing and without food They need the very best nourishment obtainable in or der to be built up physically. I am told that there are in these countries thousands of children, between fourteen and sixteen years of age, who are three or four years backward in physical development. They need care now, and upon that care hangs in a large measure the future of these countries. Children are dying all over Europe from exposure because of the lack of clothing and of shelter. In Siberia there were six thousand children who were taken there to be put on farms, in order to get them out of the dreadful condi tions prevailing in Petrograd and Moscow. In the hurly-burly that developed in Siberia they were simply forgotten. They ran wild in the woods. They ate acorns and roots, and much of the time had nothing to eat. When winter came on hundreds of them starved and froze to death. The Red Cross took twelve hundred of them to Vladivostok, housed and fed and clothed them. The whole European and Asiatic ex panse, from Brest to the Yellow Sea, is an unbroken panorama of misery, and in these lands as elsewhere it is the children that must carry the burden of the fu ture. The question is, "Are we not bound to help the children of those countries? What can we do for them? Are we not serving our own best interests in following to the letter the creed of unselfishness?"

It all comes back to something which is quite fundamental: that when you have helped somebody else you have helped yourself. The children of America, as I have shown, are ready and eager to do, and the immediate future will bring proof of the permanence of the new philosophy which the war taught them.

The children of America will earn and give at leas a half-million dollars a year, so long as it may be necessary, to support projects for carrying relief to the suffering children of foreign lands. This is an appreciable sum, but it is within their power and within the scope



The fascination of doing good for others

is also strongly felt by Red Cross Juniors

of their willingness. They have ceased to be a dependent factor in the economic life of the nation.

The system for the collection and distribution of these funds is now being perfected. The relief work will undoubtedly be done through the Red Cross Commissions as they are extended, and later through organizations in the countries in which the work is to be done. On this side, the children of every hamlet and city, with an improved organization, will be busily engaged the year round in contriving methods of making and earning, of saving and giving, in order that these sums may be made available for this purpose. We have in the United States twenty-three million children, ranging in age from four to twenty years. In three hundred thousand schools, a hundred and ninety thousand of which are one-room rural schools, there will be employed the same method that has been used in the past.

In almost every school system there will be a Red Cross School Committee whose function it will be to stimulate and maintain interest in all the Red Cross activities in which the children may engage. They will furnish suggestions for utilizing the school plant in earning this money, thus making the school into a business institution organized for effective social service.

There will be a treasurer in this school committee who will handle the contributions of money from the various schools. Sixty per cent. of the membership fee will be sent to National Headquarters to be applied to relief work. It will be the duty of the School Committee to work with the children in making use of the remaining fund in local forms of social helpfulness. We want the great idea of international service to work its way down to the community so that children everywhere, even to the farthest village, will be trained to discover things in the daily life about them which they never saw before. We hope to build up in this country a system by which simple acts of unselfishness may be dignified and nationalized. We are, in other words, starting out to teach service, to make the children see that, after all, the things they learn in arithmetic and spelling and English are simply forms of equipment to help them in performing their real function in life, namely: to help others rather than to get things for themselves.

At National Headquarters there will be a bureau which will be in constant contact with the work abroad and which will prepare material to be sent to schools throughout the country, telling what is being done in foreign lands. These reports will be prepared in the form of a manual for the use of the teacher, enabling her to show to the children the actual work that they have accomplished.

In actual material relief the value of this effort will run into the millions. It will be a demonstration unparalled in history, of coöperative effort by children on one side of the earth in behalf of the children on the other side. Even if it does not go beyond that, the memory, the example set to all future generations, will be such that there can never be again the indifference and selfishness which, such a little time ago, was dominant throughout the world.

This movement will develop, as it proceeds, an international friendship and understanding which will do more than any other thing, or perhaps all other things, to bring the sentiment and kindly feeling which must underlie any properly constituted League of Nations. On its purely educational side it opens a field that is absolutely boundless. Thus, as a direct outgrowth of their own sympathy and outgiving for others, there are coming back to the children of America a wealth of world knowledge, a breadth of vision, and a consciousness of high achievement which neither they nor their elders have ever dreamed of.

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THE MOTHERLY SOLDIER

By Coningsby Dawson, Lieut., C.F.A.

Author of "Living Bayonets," "The Glory of the Trenches," etc.

THE soldier stands out in history as the type of everything that is primitive, organized in its cruelty and stupid. "Brutal and licentious" soldiery—these are the adjectives which are usually coupled in describing armed men as a mob. When described by their friends, they are depicted as terrible fellows, swaggering in their vices, lawless in their passions, careless of domestic ties, contemptuous of tenderness, honorable only in their willingness to die jestingly for almost any cause. There have been other types of soldiers—the Havelocks, the Philip Sydneys, the "Chinese" Gordons—but these are rare. It was not the soldier who gave to medieval society the dream of chivalry—it was the imagination of the poets. Your crusader was only a camouflaged highwayman, temporarily privileged to murder and rob because he carried the cross of Christ upon his breast. At the period when the romantic dream of chivalry was most in fashion, social manners were at their coarsest.

When Germany went to European war, the standard of conduct which she established for her soldiery was strictly historic. She was sufficiently cold-blooded to announce publicly that she accepted that convention. Soldiers were the kind of people who platted crowns of thorns and set them jeeringly upon the brows of the victims whom armed might proposed to exterminate. So when Germany declared her purpose of carrying frightfulness across her neighbors' thresholds, she was acting according to age-old military tradition. If children were trampled in the dash for conquest and women were ravished in the heat of the blood-lust, these were incidents indispensable to all wars. Wars are soonest ended which strike most terror, and the people most easily frightened are civilians. It would have been a contradiction in terms, Germany argued, to ask a man to be a soldier and at the same time a gentleman. Gentleness is not necessary to the spiritual equipment of men whose profession is killing. So when the Kaiser called upon his armies to conduct themselves as Huns, he was demanding that they should act in the manner most economic for their country and most consistent with their profession.

WHEN we asked Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson to write us something about the children of France as he knew them, and something of their influence on the English and American soldiers, he saw not only the real children—their influence for good, their daily appeal to the best in the soldiers—but he grasped the idea in a larger way. For he realized that the soldiers themselves were children—lonely and homesick, weak and helpless in the midst of the blasting dangers around them. He saw them depending on each other, helping each other, sacrificing their comfort and possibly their lives, for ideals and hopes that are strongest after all in the days of childhood.

In August, 1914—let us confess it—this is how we supposed that all soldiers would act. The chief dread of our womenfolk in sending us to war was that, under the strain of slaughter, we would behave in a similar manner. That we should find ourselves compelled by circumstances to behave in this manner was the forefront horror that we men in khaki had for ourselves. It was contrary to our reason and experience to believe that any man however lofty his civilian record could become a soldier and go to killing his fellows without becoming brutal. The having to become brutal seemed as much a part of the civilian soldier's patriotic sacrifice as the losing of an arm or leg.

When the German armies were perpetrating unthinkable indecencies in Belgium during their recurring bouts of drunkenness, there were apologists in the Allied countries who warned us not to protest too loudly, as our khaki chaps would act in precisely the same way if ever they crossed the Rhine victorious. Such doubting Thomases did not know the spiritual qualities of their own race; they under-estimated the reverence for home and children and women that men of British-American traditions carry with them into the farthest corners and worst abominations of life and experience. At the root of the British-American instinct for cleanliness is the love of children. In the far countries to which so many have to journey that they may recognize themselves at their best and worst there arrives for each a crisis of self-knowledge when as Christ said of the Prodigal Son, "he came where he was." The real test of a man at such a time is the wholesomeness of the thought that he first turns to in order that he may retrieve himself. The Prodigal's first thought was of his father. "I will arise and go to

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"The kiddies became our men's firmest friends"

THE CHILD-LOVING DOUGHBOY IN FRANCE
FOUR PAINTINGS BY HENRY J. SOULEN

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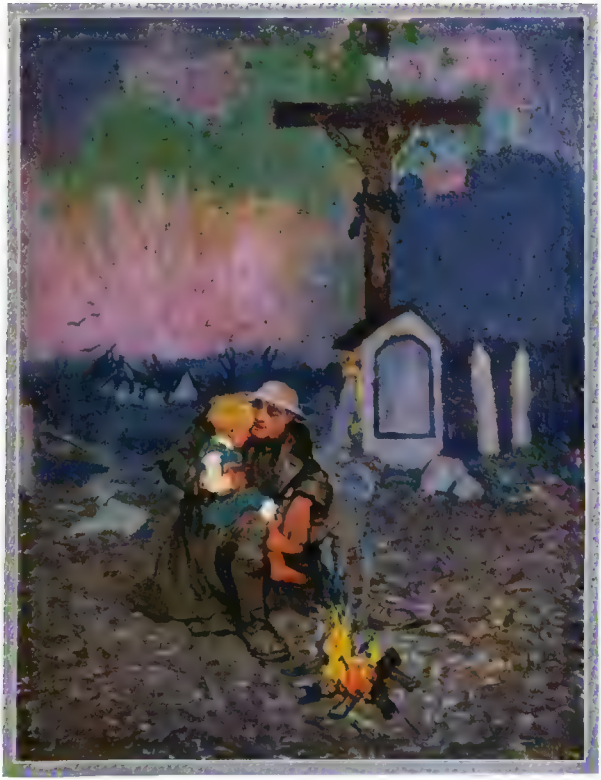
"One saw what war had made children mean to men when we marched back of the lines to train or rest"



" The children of France have some memories which will make for international kindness when our generation has passed"

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"One saw what war had made children mean to men when we marched back of the lines to train or rest"

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"Before an attack the uppermost thought which most of us had, was 'I wish, if I go west to-day, I had a kid to leave behind me'"

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my father and will say unto him, 'Father, . . .'" The man of British-American tradition thinks of children —not necessarily of the children he has; very often only of the dream-children he may deserve, if he's lucky. "I will arise and go to my children and will say unto them, 'Children, . . .'" So he takes the nearest little child upon his knee, even though it be a German's of the occupied territory, and he feels happy and restored.

Our men have reversed the history of the first years of the war. They have invaded the invaders. They have occupied the territories of a nation of land-grabbers. They have crossed the Rhine as fighting men and have conducted themselves as gentlemen—a combined performance which the Kaiser considered to be incompatible with the military profession. The wonderful truth about war as the Allies have waged it is that, far from brutalizing, it has made our men more tender.

For it isn't the fighting that makes brutes of men; it's the cause in which they fight. If the cause is plunder and the spread of frightfulness, they act like the Huns in Belgium. If the cause is the protecting of the unprotected and the compassionate shielding of the horribly violated, they act in the hour of conquest like the British Americans in Germany. Men in the moment of triumph do not commit the sins which they endangered their lives to punish in the long months of despair.

I have served with both the Americans and British at the front, and have counted the fighting men of both nations among my pals. They were civilians transformed into soldiers and sent to France for the one and only purpose of killing Germans. Their orders and their inclination were to kill as many Germans, and to repeat the performance as often as was humanly possible. The game was to put the largest number out of business before you got put out of business yourself. The spirit in which to accomplish this feat was to do it without rancor, but with a machine-like precision, as though you yourself were Death. In looking back on those pals, now that war is ended, I can say honestly that they were the least cruel lot of men I have ever met.

My memories of them when we were in the line are not so much of their fighting as of their sharing. There wasn't a thing too small or too considerate that they wouldn't do for a chap. Everything which we had was possessed in common, so that if few of us had much, there were none of us who went without. This genius for sharing animated every one from the trumpeter to the colonel, and made a wash-out of rank.

Last August, in an attack, I had come to an opening in some wooded country which was swept by shell and machine-gun fire. The opening was so narrow and the fire so intense that for a time our advance was held up. We were nailed in a shallow gutter of a trench; to move or expose yourself was to become a target for the enemy. Presently, from a piece of cover about eighty yards away, I saw an infantryman crawling back to me. When a shell fell near him, he would flatten himself; then, behind the screen of smoke and dust, he would creep on. I supposed that he was bringing me some important message. When he had rolled into the trench I found that, in addition to his fighting-kit, he had a parcel strung on to the hook of his belt.

"I got this last night, sir," he said. "My mother in Hamilton, she sent it. It came just as we were moving in for the attack, so I brought it up with me." He was tearing off the paper wrappings as he spoke and producing cake, maple sugar, and other delicacies. "I saw you back here and thought you might be hungry."

He'd risked his life under shell fire because he thought I might be hungry. I was an officer and he was a private. I wasn't his officer and I didn't belong to his branch of the service. But he had something which I had not; so, without giving a thought to the danger, he had come back to me on his hands and knees to share.

It sounds absurd, I know, but it seems to me that up front we fighting men contrived to get a kind of motherly feeling for one another. We were all so weak when considered separately, so liable to wounds and death; we were strong only when we stood together. This maternal feeling which men developed showed itself in a special direction when the danger was most intense. The moment before an attack, the uppermost thought which most of us had was, "I wish, if I go west to-day, I had a kid to leave behind me."

It wasn't the father in the man speaking there, for the paternal instinct rarely makes itself felt until the child is already in the world. It was the woman speaking, who lies hidden in the heart of every man.

One saw what war had made children mean to men when we marched back of the line to train or rest. The refugee kiddies became our fighting men's firmest friends. They watched them with admiring eyes while parades were being held, and claimed them directly parades were ended.

If I know anything about my pals in khaki, they are coming back with a keener sense of motherhood than is possessed by many of the girls whom they will marry. They have gazed into the eyes of death; they have lived in a world where no children grow; they have known the horror of a life which ends abruptly, leaving no younger self to carry on into the future. They have journeyed spendthrift into the Far Country of Sacrifice, and have realized the worth of all that they forewent. Now that the war is ended and they can be generous to themselves, they are saying, "I will arise and go to my dreams and will say unto them, 'Children, . . .'"

EDWARD HUNGERFORD

ALL who have read Mr. Hungerford's articles on the railroads of the United States published in various periodicals, who have followed with him the brilliant outlining of a railroad's problems, its successes and its ambitions, will realize how able a man he is to tell us about "France Reincarnate." He brings before us, in his article in the June Magazine, France already in the starting tide of reconstruction, her plans, her foresight, her intelligence, and her love of beauty. We see her grappling with reconstruction in a masterly way; we see her dauntless spirit moving forward to its peace-time tasks.

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When drifts of snow covered the streets it into beautiful shapes—an inspi-

A MODERN

By Leon S.

Illustrated by

HERE is the story of a school made vital, the sort of school, whatever your age, you, yourself, would like to attend. Because you could be yourself; because you would find joy in your work.

DO YOU remember your school days? When the thought of a visit to the principal's office affected you with the feeling of dread, and the figure of the principal clung to your dreams like some great cold, inhuman power? Do you remember with what squirming impatience you waited for the final bell to sound for your release? And how glad you were to get away from the teachers and the same old chairs and the same old desks and to run out into the air where you would do your best to forget that such a thing as school and necessary education existed?

Fancy, if you do remember, a school in which a youngster, whenever he is free, may wander into the principal's office and exchange smiles with the principal or ask him questions; in which, when the day's prescribed work is over, children remain to play or continue with special work of their liking, either in groups under the leadership of one of their number or in the companionship of their teachers. It is a school based on the theory that laughter and joy are good for the soul, and that children will work best if they are made to feel that the school exists only to interest and benefit them, and that they are not there simply to justify, and to be moulded into, the shape of some educational theory and standard.

Angelo Patri is the principal of such a school in New York City. Where he works the school is not an imposing cold edifice of brick lying somberly silent for most of the hours of the day, but is a busy meeting-place from which the brimming vitality of many interests radiates throughout its immediate neighborhood—coloring the lives of the children, guiding them, making them feel the value and joy of social life, and penetrating into their homes. It is the heart of the community.

This achievement, the accomplishments he has to show, are inseparable from the personality of Mr. Patri. While he is a philosopher who has humanized, by the application of personal interest and homely precepts, the cold and scientific processes that shape the daily life of the child and its relation to the community, he claims that he has no new ideas; that he has merely succeeded in putting sane social and educational ideas to work in the practical life of children, parents, and teachers. If he has succeeded, it is because his personality has made its impress upon all with whom he came in contact; for it is the spirit of service

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a famous sculptor came and transformed ration to the children's imagination

SCHOOLMASTER

F l e i s c h m a n

Maginel Wright Enright

And because the spirit of Angelo Patri would teach you its wise and lovely lessons. It is a school which the entire community attends—mother, father and the whole blessed family, in a real cooperation.

Mr. Patri was born in Italy in 1876, "in a village at the foot of a gray-black mountain, with a desolated haunted castle on its side," he said. "My father," he continued, "came to America in the early eighties, and after a short stay sent for us—me, my mother, and my baby sister. The baby died in December, three days after we landed in New York. We lived for four or five years in the Italian colony. The life there was all very pleasant and full of the comings and goings of friends back and forth from Italy and America. Then we moved out of the colony and I began to learn English. One day, at ten years of age, I attached myself to an American boy and went to school with him. And I sat and learned the lessons put before us."

He remembers those days as "days of sameness and monotony. I was a rather sickly child and needed a great deal of air, and the long hours sitting in the schoolroom were agony. And then the lessons! We repeated what we heard or what we saw on the blackboard, parrot wise. It didn't matter whether what we repeated really meant anything to us or not. The memorizing was all that the educational standard required. So we allowed ourselves to be repressed, and repeated.

"I graduated at fifteen. Then I got a job as an errand boy in a wine house. I brought home three dollars a week. Each Saturday, father and I talked about the possibility of my going to college. He was a common laborer. Could he make it? Not much money, and four children. It looked like a big proposition. So we talked it over. And one day he said I could go. He knew what he was about. While the fathers of most of the boys about me were putting their money into their business or into their houses, mine put his strength, his love, his money, his comforts into making me better than himself. The spirit of the crusaders should live again in his son. So, when most depressed by the feeling of living poorly and crudely, I would go out to see my father at work. I would see him high up on a scaffold a hundred feet in the air and my head would get dizzy and my heart would rise in my

and unconscious sacrifice. The story of Angelo Patri, native of an Italian village, is the story of a man who developed his own individual opportunities in such a way that the ultimate benefits accrued as much to others as they did to himself.

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throat. Then I would think of him once more as he really was, as the poet story-teller with the strong soothing voice and the far-visioned eye, and the poet in his soul would link itself to mine, and would see why on two-dollar-a-day wages he sent me to college. Proud of his strength I would strengthen my moral fibre and respond to his dream.

"I entered the College of the City of New York and graduated in 1897. The time had come when I had to share the family responsibilities. I looked for something to do. I had wanted to be a doctor, but that would take four years more, and my family needed help. So I turned to teaching, night and day.

"The young men I taught at night school were foreigners. They were looking for a chance. The children I taught at school were sons of foreigners. They were looking for help. Gradually I saw myself again in their place, and the problem of schooling began to look to me as a thing more vital than trying to get the children to learn the facts of the curriculum. It was not routine, per cents that counted. There was something about children and schools that was vital to the people's growth. I attended post-graduate courses at Columbia and Teachers' Colleges. Through these, the dim ideas began to take on meanings—of school in a democracy, children in a democracy. I began to see that getting children to grasp the significance of social intelligence, social power, social interest, was a matter of vital significance to the growth of people toward democracy—to the growth of people on the basis of service to the common good.

"I began to realize that America, which is the greatest experiment in history of the common people coming together, could save the world. Everything else has been tried to help people and the race to progress. Prisons and punishments, idealistic and materialistic philosophies, the hope of heaven and the fear of hell—but they haven't succeeded. So let us attend to the child. If I make it the dominant idea the nation will be attached not to the past but to the illimitable future, generation after generation will carry on the work and the world progress in the real sense and be saved

"I passed the principal's examination and became principal of a big school. Here was the chance to make my school real. To bring people and teachers together. To translate educational theories into practice. To translate democracy into a common striving of teacher and parent for the good of the children. The community and not the curriculum was the centre of effort. It was all simple. From the beginning, the school had been the heart of the community in American life. Only when big cities, and big systems of education developed, did the school drop back into an isolated phase where children merely followed a curriculum. I tried to bring the school to its own."

To accomplish this, Mr. Patri had to interest the child, interest the parent, and make both child and parent feel that the school was vitally interested in their social and economic life. When he first became principal, in spite of his desire to help, he found that children were afraid of their teachers, and that teachers were in turn rather afraid of him.

"There was the same old cleavage, the same old distrust," explained Mr. Patri, "the same lack of consciousness that we should all be working together. I tried to explain my point of view to the teachers, and asked them to let me help them. The first response was for a case of discipline. Now in every class there is one so-called 'bad boy,' who comes to the classroom, his brain teeming with the experiences of street life. He lives at top speed. He's boss in the street and in the home, and naturally wants to be boss in the school He interrupts the whole machinery of the schoolroom. The teacher, almost in tears, brought this particular 'bad boy' to me. She'd had John almost all term, and couldn't do anything with him. Well, I talked to him; told him that this wasting of his time and everybody else's was nonsense, and didn't he think so? When he agreed, I took him to his class and told them how sorry I was that they had lost any part of their work and time through John's disorder, and that he would apologize for wasting their time. As long as John's offense was an offense against the teacher it was an heroic offense; but when it was an offense against the group, the heroism disappeared.

"Then there was the case of Mary. She was being disciplined by being made to stand in front of the class. She had been chewing gum. Later, I asked the teacher if she hadn't got the gum chewing a bit out of perspective.

"'What do you mean?' she asked.

"'Mary lost her arithmetic lesson, didn't she?'

"'She surely did and part of her spelling lesson.'

"'Weren't her lessons very important? Weren't they what she had come to school for that day?'

"'Of course.'

"'Wouldn't you have accomplished as much if you'd

THE SCHOOL BELONGS TO YOU

THERE is a flag on every school house. That means the school belongs to you. Use it.

Great things are happening. Great changes are going on about us. We are changing our ways of doing things. We are making new laws. Laws about health, labor, insurance, foods, transportation.

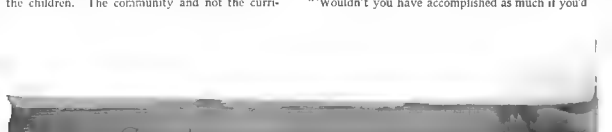
Some of the new laws are going to mean a lot to some of us. Do you understand them?

The fathers of this nation used the school house for town meetings. They took their questions to the school house. Two heads are better than one. Get the lawyers and the doctors and the teachers and the clergymen and the people all together. Get the man or woman who knows the most about the thing you want to understand. Let him tell you what he knows. Then ask him questions.

It is the thing you don't know that worries you. Find out about it from the people who know.

There's a flag on every school house. That means the school belongs to you. Use it.

Anglo Patri.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"At first my mother didn't want to—I had to hold her hand when she wrote the first line"

signalled to her to get rid of the gum, and given her an example to work on the board, putting the emphasis on the duty in hand rather than on her little offense?'

"The teacher smiled. 'I guess you're right. I'll think about it that way.'

"After a while the children began to feel that the school was with them, and they began to assume responsibility for it. They saved school time by arranging and distributing material for the day's work. They started to take care of themselves in the halls, and teachers weren't necessary for that purpose. They stopped marking on walls, and picked up the scattered papers without being told to do so."

Mr. Patri cites many of these first experiments in his book: "A Schoolmaster in a Great City," and he explains that "whenever a problem arose that concerned the

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school as a whole I put the problem at the school assembly and whenever a child responded to the school need I spoke of him as being one who was serving the school. Gradually this thought of being "square" with one's classmates was carried out of the classroom till it became the thought of being 'square' with the school."

The problem of the machinery of the curriculum remained to be solved and, Mr. Patri admits, is not yet nearly solved. The trouble, he says, is that big systems become mechanical; teachers have been trained to think for per cents and promotions, of masses of children and not of individual children. That is why he wants to bring color and life into the curriculum, to develop each child of the present generation as an individual so that the next generation of teachers will have the advantage of this newer-ground training.

"When the Creator made man, He was an artist," said Mr. Patri. "He wasn't a mechanic. He didn't make a lot of men and say 'This is Man.' No; He said 'These are men'; and He made them all different. He gave each one of them a distinct creative impulse. The school must foster and encourage that impulse. If it doesn't it makes the child anti-social. I admit it's pretty hard to give the child a chance in these big systems. If I let him play with music, sculpture, paintings, natural things, things that appeal to him I'm giving him the chance of a full development. But if I put them all in a room, treat them all alike, give them standardized educational food, they become devitalized and depersonalized. First we repress all individuality in the child, and then when he gets out into the world we complain that he hasn't any individuality!"

The color, the emotional values of drawing, composition, music, nature, literature that Mr. Patri introduced into the curriculum were not inspired primarily by books. Book knowledge, he says, is overrated. Everybody fears to let the child grow by himself, and "because the parents want this sort of thing, the school is built to suit—a book school—one room like another, one seat like another, each child like his neighbors." He wanted the child to feel these values and find them in himself through more personal contacts. When the drifts of snow covered the streets, a famous sculptor who lived in the neighborhood came and transformed it into beautiful shapes so that the children might see what could be done and how it was done. With this sort of inspiration, after school hours, children who raced about the streets trying, and usually unsuccessfully, to find some outlets for their energy—which is only another name for creative impulse, if properly directed—remained in the clay-modelling room to give some expression to the fancies that children dream. One of them, a young Italian boy, modeled, for example, a splendid group called "The Stranger," showing a pygmy man in the clutch of a huge gorilla.

ANGELO PATRI knows America. He has found his inspiration, his labor, his opportunities, and his accomplishments here. That is why the messages he writes ever so often to the pupils of his public school —his "Americanisms," as they are called—ring so true with the sincerity and fervor of his beliefs that they have become household texts throughout the community. A few of these Americanisms were published in the last issue of The Red Cross Magazine. In the June number more are to come

Nor was music introduced to them as only another part of the school routine. At assembly time, frequently, a famous musician and composer, also of the neighborhood, would come and play the sort of music that children love, explain it to them, teach them not to learn it but to love it, and so release in them intelligently another sort of impulse.

Poetry was taught to them not in terms of grammatical construction, of definition, the basis of word lessons, but as the expression of beauty and imagination and the search for the fine truths of existence. Consequently, after Mr. Patri had a printing press installed in the school—with which, by the way, the children produce a paper—they were able to print and publish a delicate little book of verse which was the pouring out of the rich instincts which all children, Mr. Patri says, possess. "All children," he claims, "are poets."

One of the poems, for instance, expresses the joy of work which Mr. Patri has tried to teach to the children; it may picture a Utopian state of existence, but at any rate it ran through the consciousness of the child this way:

> "The street cleaner,
> A happy man is he;
> He sings a song
> All day long;
> He knows he must sweep,
> So he does with all his heart."

And then there is this one by a little Italian girl of class 4A4, called "My Mother":

> "I have a beautiful mother,
> With wavy black hair.
> Her cheeks are rosy red,
> Her lips are made for kisses,
> And how I love to get them."

Opposite the school is a greenhouse in which the children raise and tend flowers; and in the summer they have a bit of ground of which they make a vegetable garden. And in the spring, those who love the joy of rhythmic movement dance in the neighboring park.

You may ask of what good all this may be to the child who must fight its way in an economic world. Mr. Patri will answer you that if you take care of the spiritual things the material things will take care of themselves. And that any way, these children will be more efficient because they are more fully and naturally developed; and that having learned the spirit of coöperation they will go out into a world in which each succeeding generation will learn more and more what can be accomplished through such coöperation.

In vitalizing the curriculum and fitting it to meet the needs of the child, Mr. Patri found that there were inescapable differences in the children which had to be considered. As a result special classes were

organized: for defective children who then got a new joy out of life and found something they could really do; as, for example, the boy who evolved in his inner consciousness a passion for the grocery trade, and began to paint signs of the store and to learn everything possible about the business; and the little girl whose mind could work only a certain number of hours, and who then went to her knitting and spinning for which the school readily found purchasers. And there were special classes for non-English-speaking children, anæmic children, stuttering children. There was a chance, and the best sort of chance for everyone.

Then Mr. Patri found that the influences of the street and the influences of the home could not be ignored; that those two factors had to become fused with that of the school so that all three of them could work together and in the same direction. How reach the parents? He remembered, from his own experience, how his knowledge of English and American customs had tended to separate him from his family during his early school days. So he had the teachers prepare home lessons for foreign parents. The children took these home.

"At first mother didn't want to," said one of them, "but I said she had to, and then I cried until I made her. I had to hold her hand when she wrote the first time. Now she likes it. And the other day when I came home she said, 'Has Mrs. Wilson a lesson for me to-day?' And she was so glad when I showed it to her."

The gap between the children and the parents is filled in another way, the school made more real to the community. In the kitchen of the school where they teach cooking—Mr. Patri is afraid of the words: "domestic science," because it's likely to indicate something stiff and not of the every-day life—the mothers come whenever they please, not just to watch, but to learn how to prepare new dishes and something of the economies and hygiene of food preparation.

"Days of sameness and monotony and long hours sitting in the school-room"

Finally Mr. Patri succeeded in having the parents form an association. It was a difficult task; he interested them through the children, bringing them to the school one evening to watch a dramatic and musical performance given by the children. And he said to them: "My friends, I have brought you here to enlist your collective help in the work of the school. Acting together as a moral force in the neighborhood you are more vital to the education of the children than is the school."

To-day, at any one of these frequent meetings, at least five hundred of the parents are present. "The idea of these meetings," said Mr. Patri, "is always a

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direct application of general principles to the immediate problems. If we talked about art it was the children's art with their drawings before us. If we talked about play it was our children's playground, our streets that were used. It was the same with the talks on health. We wanted the good of the children and a good neighborhood for them."

The Parents' Association formed standing committees to help with the work. One fought a bill to erect an armory in the neighboring park, and defeated it. Another investigated the motion-picture houses; tried to convince the managers that they ought to put on plays that would help the children. And when one manager refused to coöperate, and was found to be hurting the children through the nature of his exhibitions, they brought action against him and had him fined. He continued his practices; bulletins were issued announcing the fact. Public opinion emptied his house and in two weeks he had to close his doors. After that the managers requested the Parents' Association to inspect their houses and pictures and to make suggestions for the betterment of both.

Naturally a relief committee was formed. Much of the delinquency, the backwardness in the schoolroom, was due to conditions at home. This committee investigated cases of parental neglect, of need and truancy. "Red-haired Pat, for instance," said Mr. Patri, "small and ill-kept, did not attend school. Nothing had been accomplished by the usual methods. But the case of Pat in the hands of the parents became a simple matter. The neighbors knew that the father drank and was seldom home. He had no job. The mother went out to work. Pat needed food. He needed clothes. He needed medical care. Pat was clothed, fed, and had his teeth fixed. He was kept at school and that was the end of the matter.

"Physical needs were not new to the people. The ways of meeting these needs were not new to them. What was new was the group meeting these needs because it was their business to help their neighbors. What was new was the conscious strength that came through united effort, the feeling of responsibility that made them answer: 'Yes, I am my brother's keeper, because he is my brother.'"

FROM such a relief committee and such a Parents' Association of which banker, real estate man, school teacher, shoemaker and ditch digger were equal members, it wasn't a far step to form a community dispensary where the ills of the children and the poor parents could be attended to; or a club house, a transformed ramshackle and empty house, where children and parents and teachers could meet for discussions of interest to the community. Or a visiting nurse, whose salary was paid by the association and Mr. Patri, who would try to bring the relations between the school and the home still closer. Through the agency of this visiting nurse many vexatious problems were solved. Ivan came to school always dirty, always unprepared in his lessons. The nurse went to his home; she found a squalid place which the mother, suffering from a torturing skin disease, was unable to keep clean and whose condition naturally drove the child from the room and his studies. The nurse appreciated the difficulties; she helped clean the rooms; she reported the case to the association, and as the mother would not leave her home for the hospital because in that event her son would be taken over by "the Society," a doctor in the association volunteered his services and cured the mother in her home. The result was a different life for Ivan.

MANY times a year Mr. Patri writes a little message for the children which they take to their homes. Here is one of his more recent ones:

"There's a flag on every school house. That means the school belongs to you. Use it.

"Great things are happening. Great changes are going on about us. We are changing our ways of doing things. We are making new laws. Laws about health—labor—insurance—foods—transportation.

"Some of the new laws are going to mean a lot to some of us. Do you understand them?

"The fathers of this nation used the school house for town meetings. They took their questions to the school house. Two heads are better than one. Get the lawyers and the doctors and the teachers and the clergymen and the people all together. Get the man or woman who knows the most about the thing you want to understand. Let him tell you what he knows. Then ask him questions.

"It is the thing you don't know that worries you. Find out about it from the people who know.

"There's a flag on every school house. That means the school belongs to you. Use it."

And they do! The other day when Mr. Patri was talking to a visitor, the father of one of the pupils walked into the office. He wanted to ask him, Mr. Patri, about a job. Mr. Patri listened: he thought a moment and then he smiled. "Go and see so-and-so," he said, "and he'll fix it for you."

A few minutes later a serious-eyed child stood beside Mr. Patri's chair, and listened to him expounding his educational theories to a visitor. Mr. Patri looked up and smiled. "Oh, Mr. Patri," said the girl, "will you come to my birthday party? Teacher's coming, and lots of the boys, and Pa said he'd try to get home in time, 'cause he wants to talk to you 'bout something." "I will come, surely," answered Mr. Patri, stroking her hair, "and thank you so much!" and he smiled after her as she danced away.

"So," concluded Mr. Patri, "in and out the web is woven. Here and there children, teachers, and parents become more intimate, more friendly. The school world that was sufficient within itself has opened up its doors. We all work together for the coming race. Belief in evolution is a belief in the child."

Again he smiled, a rather sad and tender smile. His kind gray eyes were wistful. "A struggle, a constant fight against little obstacles—oh, such little obstacles and prejudices!" he ran his hand through his prematurely white hair. "Do you know," he affirmed, "that's what makes one's hair thin?"

Ice-bound Archangel, the base of American and Allied forces in northern Russia, and an important Red Cross headquarters

LIFE ON OUR ONLY FIGHTING LINE

An Unusual Letter from a Red Cross Worker in Archangel

MY DEAR MR. CASE:

I have just returned from a trip by sled up the Pinega River, to the farthest point on that section where American troops are located. The trip consumed six days and this, with the trip to the Dwina front, makes a total of twenty days journeying by sled and about eight hundred miles covered.

After traveling by sled, across frozen rivers, in wide open spaces where the wind blows in through your buttonholes, through warmer and beautiful forests, where there are unbroken trails and snow drifts and trees heavily loaded with snow, one becomes accustomed to the open and rebels at the thought of close walls and warm, impure air.

But there is also a distinct feeling of having been manhandled—of having the worst of a severe physical encounter with a worthy antagonist.

The American Red Cross journey by sled to the Dwina and Vaga River fronts was the first expedition making its way through from Archangel to these isolated points since the freeze. We had been awaiting with impatience the time when transportation would be open, and so we decided to help open it. We carried Red Cross comforts for the soldiers, and supplies and medicines for the hospital bases near the front. We have been supplementing the military supply with medicines. Horses and not reindeer are used for transport. The Russian horse, like the peasant, must be a stout breed to stand the strain and stress of existence. They are never curried, are left standing in the open for hours, and usually in spots exposed to cruel winds when there is a semblance of shelter available within a few feet. The peasants do not believe in "mollycoddling" their animals, nor themselves.

We had four sleds, two of which we obtained in Archangel and which were covered. The other two were open freighters. The construction is of wood; no nails are used. Usually there are two horses, the main animal doing most of the work in a long, steady trot, while the business of the outrider is to gallop, at all times, and to switch his tail. I am not at all keen for this extra horse. When he doesn't gallop, he manages to shy at all sorts of imaginary things and noises, and the passenger feels it is about an even chance as to whose neck will be broken.

On the return trip from the Dwina, I had a fine animal killed almost instantly by his breaking his neck. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, pitch dark of course, and our Russian driver, who (clad in reindeer skin and hood), resembled for all the world a polar bear on the front of the sled shouted meaningless and unnecessary words to our two horses to speed them on their way. They required no encouragement. Confidentially, I did not relish the outlook, and had arranged the curtain (which is used as a partial windbreak) in order that I might not be an eye witness to any disagreeable occurrence. A British captain occupied my sled. The going was too rough for conversation and too rapid for comfort. At a full gallop the outrider shied, caught his front foot between two frozen legs, and was thrown end over end, breaking his neck. The sled was too much mixed up with his feet and he

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Traveling through frozen Russia in these sleds is an experience in adventure and upsets

Break the ice and wash your clothes! A feasible and primitive method in Russia

kicked the back of it full of holes. It was somewhat disconcerting, while trying to extricate yourself from loads of blankets, to see a hoof, shod with a dangerous looking shoe, working like a trip-hammer in close proximity to your favorite rib. By the time we had cut away the rope harness he was dead.

On the last trip there was another incident which gave Kirkpatrick and me some concern. We had a very good horse and what seemed to be a very capable boy driver. All sexes and ages look alike in these reindeer *parkis*. We were in a semi-covered sled with narrow runners, but with safety skids to prevent it from completely capsizing. At the foot of every Russian hill the road makes a sharp turn. For a solid week we had been holding on at these turns, but finally had become accustomed, or perhaps I should say resigned, to them. Going down a long hill, the horse holds back as long as he can, the driver assisting in retarding the movement of the sled. But on steep hills, where this is not possible, it is a case of a run for life.

Our agile little driver was too light of weight to hold back any part of the sled's load. We made down a steep decline to the frozen bed of the river at high speed. Just as we struck the ice, covered with dry snow to a depth of

A typical muddy street in Archangel. Hygienic conditions made the work of the Red Cross particularly necessary

about twelve inches, our horse shied sharply at a sleeping-bag which had been thrown from a baggage sled ahead. The safety skids could not save us, but made the angle of our overturn more complete. I fell on the bottom. Kirkpatrick, several pieces of his luggage, and an abnormal quantity of hay added to my discomfort. His heavy blanket roll, which he had been using as a back rest, was thrown twenty feet. The top of the sled acted as an ideal snow scoop and my head was rubbed in the snow thoroughly before our little driver, who was hanging on to the reins, could hold down the horse. It was not until an hour later, when our driver was bringing in our baggage, that I discovered that our lives had been in the hands of a thirteen-year old girl. She was very glad we were not hurt and lost no time in placing the blame, and rightly so, upon the driver who had lost the blanket roll from the forward sled.

After a trip of this sort, one becomes more and more enthusiastic about his blanket roll. Sleeping at all times upon the floor, and occasionally packed in like sardines with members of peasant families all in the same room, separated only by an improvised curtain, we kept our health, appetites, and humor.

The situation in northern Russia with respect to Military Relief is different from that in France, inasmuch as it cannot be said that American troops are in considerable force at any one point. They are scattered all about, and in some of the most difficult points of access imaginable. Appreciating the value of personal contact, I wish it were possible to have an American Red Cross man at every point, and continuously, where there are American soldiers. That would require an enormous number of men. What we have been doing and are doing, is to keep our people employed, moving from point to point, delivering supplies —the transport of which is a problem—and otherwise making their presence felt both at points where men are billeted and in the various base hospitals. And the trips which I have just taken had this for one of its principal objects. And from what I have heard later, the effect upon the men was very bad.

It would amuse you to go into an isolated American soldier barrack and hear the outpourings of the men. The little, and not the big things, are factors in their lives when living under such conditions. One big chap the other night walked me about a mile through a dark and slippery road to where his men—seven Americans—were sleeping, all in one room. I had asked to see their quarters and to interview their cook. They gave me their mail, listened with keenest interest to the little news I was able to give them, and then one of the men asked my assistance in the following: He had taken out some insurance and also had his pay assigned to his mother. Just before sailing from America he had married and had, he thought, taken the necessary steps

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Only two months in the gardening season in Archangel, but this sign promises a tropical profusion

Two Samoyedes, the Esquimaux of Russia. The American Red Cross has materially assisted them

to transfer both insurance and pay to his wife. But the War Department wrote his wife that, according to the records, her husband was not married and she, in turn, had taken up the matter pretty vigorously with her soldier husband in Russia. He took the broad and general view that everyone should have known about such an important event, and it was only after much explaining as to how news of it might have miscarried that his frame of mind improved.

We left sugar and cigarettes for these men. It was a small village of probably two hundred houses. The American soldiers have been in every house. At first the villagers distrusted them. Now they are the popular men of the community with the elders as well as children. Their attitude toward the Russian peasants is helpful, conciliatory, and sympathetic. One of these men told me that on the previous day he had seen a woman crying on the street, saying that their rations would not hold out and they would be forced to eat straw. I demanded to be taken to the house which, as usual, was some distance away. We went there in our sleds and took seamen's biscuit and sugar. There were seven people living, eating, and sleeping in one room without ventilation, the space in which was further limited by the presence of two stoves—a small iron heater in addition to the bulky native

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proposition. The head of the house was a cobbler out of trade, his wife, her sister, two children, two aged inlaws and, to add to the confusion, three neighbors were paying a call. The air in such places is frightful. To walk from the crisp, bracing fresh air into the average peasant's living and sleeping room is a shock at best. And yet we slept night after night in such places. The air is a little better close to the floor. The woman showed me a piece of bread, hardly a square meal for three persons, which she produced carefully wrapped, as if worth its weight in gold, from a box in the corner. They had been improvident in the use of their monthly ration of fifteen pounds of flour per person, and the end of the month, with yet three days to go, found them in a serious dilemma. When the hard tack and sugar were produced, they were speechless with astonishment. And the satisfaction of the American soldier was great to see.

Instances of this character—some pathetic in the extreme, many with phases of humor if you have a keen sense for such—occur many times during the day on such a trip. Major Kirkpatrick, with unfailing sympathy and tenderness, has, in my presence on this journey, ministered to and left medicines for the sick in almost every village. In one house a grandmother was dying from an incurable disease, enfeebled by age, poor food, improper care. In the next, a six-months old baby with pneumonia and high fever was being carried around in the arms of a distracted father whose wife had recently died and who, utterly ignorant of the seriousness of the child's malady, was trying to enlist its interest by amusing it. Of course Major Kirkpatrick had it put to bed immediately. When the peasant was made to understand the child's condition, his grief was touching.

Up on the Pinega River, many miles from any place, we passed a considerable body of American soldiers headed to the front. Every man was the picture of health, cheeks aglow, head up, and on the job. These same men were on the railroad front—400 miles in another direction—when I had seen them last. There they were just coming out of the front-line trenches and block houses, wearing on their heads their steel hats and carrying on their backs everything but the kitchen stove!

Now they were rigged more for long marching, in fur caps, khaki coats of new issue with woolen lining, and many carried alpine poles, for in some places the going was hard.

From our sled supply every man was given a package of Red Cross cigarettes, and every man was asked if he had received his Christmas stocking. They all had. I dined, by the way, with General Ironsides last night, and he was very strong in his praise for this particular body of men who have seen strenuous service and are in for more.

Sincerely,
(Signed) C. T. Williams

Russian women are accustomed to hard manual labor. These are unloading a load of coal

Google

THE RETURN OF

By Bliss

Decorations by

I

DOWN the sparkling Channel,
Out of Plymouth Sound,
What gallant little craft is this
Making outward bound?

Who crowd along her taffrail
To look their last on home,
While the seas beneath her forefoot
Are trampled into foam,

And in the morning sunlight
Her last sail is unfurled?
She's the *Mayflower* out from Plymouth,
Bound for the New World.

What cargo does she carry,
And what port will she make?
She has a hundred souls on board
Would die for conscience' sake.

And she will come to anchor
On a far Western beach,
By God's grace, past the farthest bounds
That tyranny can reach.

No Argo ever carried,
No pilgrim ever planned,
A more sublime adventure
Than this exalted band.

They bear the flower of England,
To plant it over sea
The holy seed of Runnymede
That men call Liberty.

And lo, that magic blossom
Shall flourish and increase,
To glad the souls of all mankind,
And fill the world with peace.

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THE MAYFLOWER

Carman

Edward A. Wilson

Warm are the Devon Moorlands
In the September sun,
And over the dim unknown sea-rim
The *Mayflower* is gone.

II

Looming up the Channel,
Making Plymouth Sound,
What man-of-war is this that comes
Racing, victory bound?

Speeding as to battle,
On she comes amain,
Swift as an eagle's shadow
Across the summer plain.

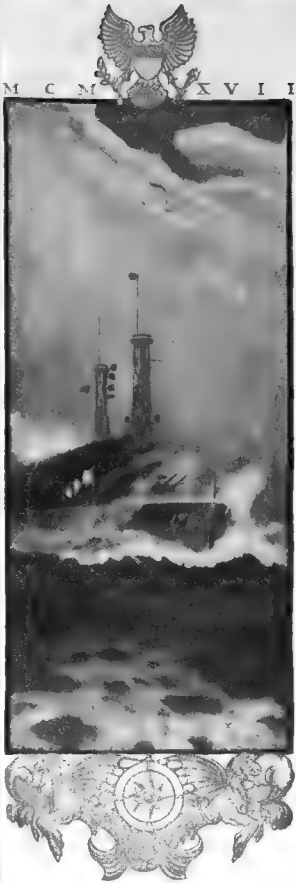
In power and in beauty
Commanding on the seas,
She leads a stranger battle line—
What men, what ships are these?

Look, where she flies her colors—
The white and crimson bars,
The ensign of the Rights of Man,
The Glory of the Stars!

To cheers that give her welcome
What answer will she make?
Hark to her thousand souls on board
Would die for freedom's sake!

Back from the ports of promise
Beyond the Western sea,
These are the breed of Runnymede,
The Sons of Liberty.

To stay the ancient altars,
To guard the ports of home,
For freedom still as God may will,
The *Mayflower* is come.



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Surgeon-General Rupert Blue, United States Public Health Service

Surgeon-General Merritte W. Ireland, of the United States Army

WANTED: NURSES FOR THE BATTLES OF PEACE!

By Merritte W. Ireland and Rupert Blue

AT NO time during the war were there quite enough nurses available for all the needs of the A. E. F. We were always short of nurses abroad. Nothing worried us more abroad than this shortage, yet, when I got back to America, I found that the trouble was largely one of transportation. In other words, while we never had quite enough nurses in France, there were, at the port of embarkation, between five hundred and a thousand assembled there, first, by the order to rush all possible numbers to Europe; then, in these large numbers, held there by the order to rush troops instead. For the needs of the Army, thus, there were plenty of nurses here in America at all times, though I found that we were getting to the end of available graduate nurses. But it is clear, now, that if the war had continued until the end of the coming summer, the United States would have experienced serious difficulty in supplying the Army, and it would have proven to be out of the question to supply graduate nurses in the number required. Even as it was, in fact, we had absolutely robbed the civilian population of its nurses, and if the war had not been terminated abruptly—if it had continued eight or nine months more—the shortage of nurses, on both sides of the water, would have been severe. If, in other words, we had sent three million men to Europe, and if we make due allowance of one bed for every ten men and one nurse to every ten beds, we should have required, abroad, fully 30,000; perhaps more. As it was, at the outset we gave six of our base hospitals, with personnel and all equipment, to the

British; and when our troops were assigned to many points in areas theretofore occupied by the British and the French, our wounded were, in large numbers, cared for in British and in French hospitals. This was the logical consequence of the coördination of our strength with that of our Allies and resulted in many of our wounded being scattered over France. When, for instance, American and French troops were fighting together, a great many of our wounded were inevitably put on French trains and arrived in French hospitals, where they remained until they were moved to our own hospitals, of which we had plenty. We tried to keep, and we succeeded in keeping, well ahead of the demands made on us down to the time the armistice was signed. The proof of our success, even with no prevailing plenty of nurses, lies in the fact that on the 14th of November, three days after the armistice was signed, we had 192,000 American patients in our own hospitals in France and 236,000 available beds, with enough nurses, hospital men, and doctors to care for all wounded. Moreover, this equipment does not take count of the six hospitals that we had assigned to the British, in which there were 42,000 empty beds, and it does take count of the fact that we had all the wounded from the Argonne under hospital care.

We got our nurses, however, at far too great a cost to our civilian population; for there can be no question but that the tremendous mortality attending the influenza epidemic was due in large measure to the fact that the Army, and the other branches of the military service, had robbed the country of its nurses as a matter of necessity. And worse still, if the war had continued through the coming summer not only would the drain on America have been greatly increased, but the shortage would have been felt severely by the Army. Thus, when the epidemic was at its height, on October 11, the Army had 19,432 nurses, which was not nearly so many as it should have had. In another week 500 additional nurses were withdrawn from civilian work. In still another week the Army Nursing Corps had well over 20,000 and, on the 1st of November, 21,131 were in transit or on duty. These were all graduate nurses and their absence was keenly felt in the civil communities. More than 3,500 of these nurses entered the Army Nursing Corps direct, through the Surgeon-General's office, but nearly 18,000 of them were supplied by the Red Cross.

WHAT these figures mean can only be understood by a glimpse into the history of the Army nurse.

Formerly, in the old days of the Army, and until March 1, 1887, the nursing of the sick in the Army was done by details from the line of the Army. Men were detailed for a certain length of time to the hospitals to perform the duties of nurses. It is needless to say that the best men in the Army were not detailed to the hospitals, and that the nursing was not of the highest order.

Then, in March, 1887, Congress passed a law authorizing the establishment of the Hospital Corps of the Army, and as a result men listed for hospital work were assigned permanently to hospitals. This plan constituted a great improvement on former conditions for the reason that these men were fairly well instructed in doing the work around the hospitals and for the sick.

When the Spanish-American War broke out this plan was found to be inadequate. We were woefully unprepared to care for the sick of the Army after forty years of continuous peace. With the war came a stern demand for professional nurses in the Army. Then, for the first time in our military history, the graduate nurse was employed. She was employed under contract to serve in the Medical Department of the Army. Under these conditions we secured a very fine class of women to care for our sick, who continued to serve until the Act of Congress of February 2, 1901, reorganizing the Army. This Act gave us the Army Nursing Corps, as an officially recognized organization attached to the Medical Department.

It is needless to say that the establishment of a permanent Army Nursing Corps was a wonderful improvement, due in part to the fact that men are not nurses and cannot learn to be nurses in the true sense of the word. Nursing is a vocation that belongs to women. The difference in the care of the sick since we have woman nurses in our hospitals is simply the difference between day and night. To be sure, we managed to get along somehow before the graduate nurse came into the Army; but the sick were not given proper care and attention, and did not receive the nursing which a soldier is entitled to, if we judge by present standards.

IT IS, of course, a very easy thing to secure as many nurses as we need in the Army in time of peace. But it was an altogether different thing to enroll nurses of proper training in sufficient numbers to meet our needs in time of war. But this great work was splendidly undertaken by Miss Jane A. Delano during the time that she was Superintendent of the Army Nursing Corps; indeed, it was so well undertaken and carried on that she was made the head of the nursing service of the American Red Cross but continued, nevertheless, to serve as the head of the Army Nursing Corps until 1911, when her work with the Red Cross became so great that she was compelled to give up her duties with the Army and devote all of her time to the Red Cross. Through her foresight and great ability, and her intimate acquaintance with the nurses of America through years of association with them, she was enabled to enroll in the American Red Cross thousands of nurses who were willing to give their services in time of emergency. She, her successors in the Army, and her colleagues, made it fairly easy for the Army to get, promptly, almost all the available nurses; nevertheless, the number of graduate nurses in the United States plainly was not, and is not, sufficient to serve an enormous army in a modern war. To meet this condition Miss Delano started schools of instruction for nurse aids and caused to be prepared thousands of nurse aids, every one of whom would have been needed by the Army if the war had continued. In fact, when the armistice was signed, orders had already gone out for sending 1,500 nurse aids to serve in our hospitals at home and abroad.

It is clear, moreover, that the problem of providing

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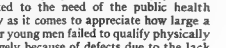
nurses for the Army is a relatively simple one, even in time of emergency, as compared with the greater problem, which has been developed to no great extent in the United States, of providing sufficient community nurses. This is a problem of stupendous importance. Miss Delano was working on it years ago, especially on the problem of rural nursing, so-called. The community, and rural, nursing plans have been developed very extensively in some of the foreign countries but have received relatively little attention up to the present time here in America, where the need of such nursing is at least as great as in any civilized nation of the world. To accomplish it there are two practicable plans—one, to increase the number of graduate nurses in the United States so that, at once, ample nursing service can be supplied the civilian population of the United States, while an emergency supply for the Army is at the same time being trained; the other, to secure, by short but adequate training, a very large number of women who are competent to give aid and to care for emergencies that arise in communities and in rural districts, from whose ranks no doubt large numbers would come forward to qualify themselves to be registered nurses and to take special training to qualify themselves to be community nurses, at the Teachers' College, of Columbia University, New York City—where a course in community nursing is offered, along with scholarship provisions—or elsewhere. Either of these plans would at least be an improvement over no plan.

If the Army is reduced to half a million men and we make the usual allowance for a sick list of four and one half per cent. the Army will require in its Nursing Corps 2,250 nurses in addition to the necessary enlisted men. At present large numbers of army nurses procured through the Red Cross are being relieved from service with the military establishment. In New York and in Newport News they find that the Red Cross has many opportunities for them, if they are properly equipped, to enter, or to reënter, public health work. The numbers available even now, I am told, are hardly adequate to the demand already existing. And the demand is certain to increase as rapidly as our civilian population becomes educated to the need of the public health nurse, as rapidly as it comes to appreciate how large a proportion of our young men failed to qualify physically in the draft, largely because of defects due to the lack of proper and adequate community health provisions, and, in other directions.



THE COMMUNITY HEALTH NURSE

TO THOSE who have followed the development of public health work in this country it becomes more and more evident that much of the progress which has been made is due to the introduction of public health nursing as an integral part of public health administration. And yet it seems but yesterday when the first nurses were assigned to visit tuberculous patients in their homes, report on the sanitary conditions there found and, by practical instruction of the patient and his family, help to combat the spread of the disease to others. The results achieved by this band of pioneers exceeded all expectations, so that in a short time it was realized that in no other way could the work of public health authorities so effectively be brought home to the people. A number of cities thereupon inaugurated similar methods in their campaign against infant mortality. Instead of sending doctors into tenement homes, as they had been doing, to treat sick babies, nurses were sent to visit mothers having new-born babies, and to teach them how to keep the babies well. One has only to glance at the infant mortality statistics to realize that this change in method resulted in the saving of thousands of baby lives. The improvement of milk supplies, to be sure, was not without influence in producing this favorable result; nevertheless, the credit belongs very largely to the excellent work done by the public health nurses.

It would be a long story to describe in detail all the important activities now carried on in a modern health department by public health nurses. The fact is that the work of these newer recruits to the ranks of public health workers has proved of incalculable value. They have studied and reported on the home conditions which so frequently are largely responsible for ill health, they have discovered unreported cases of infectious disease, and have given practical instruction in the prevention and care of such; have collected epidemiological and statistical data, supervised the maintenance of quarantine measures, helped in securing proper medical and surgical treatment for the sick. In short, they have enormously extended the practical utilization of available medical knowledge and experience for the promotion of health and welfare.

Unfortunately a very large number of communities in the United States are still without a public health nursing service. It seems not to be realized that such a service constitutes a well-paying investment. Yet nothing has been more clearly demonstrated. Progressive health administrators who have had experience with public health nursing are unanimous in praise of the results obtained.

More than ever before there is great need for the entrance of additional, well-trained workers into this field. I hope the time is not far distant when every community in the United States will enjoy the benefits of a system of public health nursing, for I can hardly conceive of any other single measure of health protection whose general application will bring greater lasting benefits to the community.

Why not take steps so that your community may enjoy the invaluable services of a public health nurse? Do it now!

Google

"Nora and Dorothy lifted the sofa off from over her. Her morale was very, very bad just then"

KEEPING UP GRANDMA'S MORALE

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs Is Pigs," "That Pup," etc.

Illustrated by J. R. Shaver

WELL, now that the war is over I guess it is all right to tell how hard Jane and I had to work to keep grandma's morale up. Dorothy was no help, because she is fifteen, and all she thinks about is how she is going to wear her hair that day and what boy walked home with her from High School that day. So Jane and I had to keep it up by ourselves—grandma's morale, I mean.

Of course you know what morale is. Mostly, I guess, it is plenty of wool socks, because then the soldiers know the dear ones at home are knitting fast and fondly even though far, far away. So, when it comes down to grandmothers, morale is knitting socks through thick and thin.

You can see how important it was for my grandmother to have her morale kept up good and high all the time, because father often said that grandmother was the torchbearer of the nation when it came to wool socks. He meant that grandmother was a noble example to all sock knitters, old or young, because she was three pairs of socks ahead of the next best knitter in our town, and father often said he bet we had the prize knitters of the world in our town, both for speed and distance, bar none.

We were all very proud of grandmother, even if she was a little deaf. Of course, one reason she got three pairs ahead at the beginning was because she had learned how to knit when young and agile, while most of the others learned to knit after the war began; but, as father said, it was no airy trifle for grandmother to keep three laps ahead in such a bunch of sprinters after they had learned how to turn a heel without skidding off the needles. Especially Sarah Deering. Father said that, while Sarah Deering might slow up a little on the curves, she was a demon when she opened the throttle and began the mad dash down the home stretch to the toe.

Time and again Sarah Deering got within two socks and a half of grandmother, but grandmother's morale never showed a crack or a stone bruise; and when Sarah Deering loomed up dangerously, grandmother would just submerge herself in her bedroom for a day

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or two, and when she came to the surface again she would be six socks in the lead and going strong.

So you can easily see that when father and mother had to go to Washington to do war work, and put grandmother's morale in my charge, I knew I had an important thing to look after, because more than once father had said:

"Son, look at grandmother! All is not lost while grandmother's morale is not lost. Let the Germans drive the Russians into the Arctic, the French into the Mediterranean, the Belgians into the Atlantic, the Italians into the Adriatic, and the English into the Channel, but victory will crown us at last if the grandmothers of America do not falter and fail. See her knit. There, son, is the spirit of '76, of 1812, of '61, and of 2:40 on the home stretch! Unless grandmother drops her needles we will win!"

What father meant was not so much that it was good to make eight dozen pairs of socks grow where but one sock grew before, but that it was quite necessary for grandmother to burn with a bright and steady flame, giving courage to all sock knitters.

Thus it was, when father kissed Jane and me goodbye at the station and said, "Good-bye, twins. It's up to you to keep grandma's morale up. Don't let her grow slack and lose the war," I knew it was up to us, although grandmother did say, "Oh! Get along with your nonsense, Henry!"

On the way home Jane and I dropped behind and let grandmother and Dorothy walk ahead, because I wanted to talk it over with Jane and see what we had better get ready to do if grandmother's morale began to fade out. At first Jane said, "Pooh!" and that grandmother's morale would be all right anyway and that I was a silly to worry about it, for I could look and see that grandmother was knitting full tilt even if she was walking and talking at the same time. Jane said that it was silly to worry about anybody's knitting morale that knit like that, not even missing a stitch when a dog came out and barked at her, but I said that was just why we ought to worry. I said that if grandmother was a common knitter, and just knit once in a while, I wouldn't worry about her morale, because she would have enough for that much knitting anyway; but that when she had the kind of knitting morale that she did have, and was a limit knitter, and knit all the time, so that if she stopped a couple of minutes she wouldn't be knitting up to her record, I had a right to worry.

I told Jane that she ought to be serious about it, like I was, and worry about it, because what would father think if he came home and found grandmother was three pairs of socks behind instead of three pairs of socks ahead?

Jane said "Pooh!" and that grandmother wouldn't stop knitting for anything, but I asked her how she knew. I said it was all right enough when father and mother were home to keep grandmother from getting nervous, but all our family knew how nervous grandmother was when you came right down to it, and that it was our duty to see that she didn't get nervous and worry and let that slacken up her morale.

Jane was just going to say "Pooh!" again when one of the airplanes from Mineola came flying over pretty low. It was about as low as I ever saw one, I guess, and the minute grandmother saw it she dropped her knitting and put her hands on the top of her hat and shut her eyes and squatted right down on the sidewalk, because the thing in the world she is most afraid of is something falling on her head. Something falling on her head is her favorite thing to be afraid of, and that's because when she was a child a piece of ceiling fell on her head, and just when she was healing her brother threw a stone at a bird's nest in the crotch of a tree and missed it. So it hit her on the head again. So even to this day, when an English sparrow flies overhead, she dodges. It's involuntary but sure. She just can't help being afraid of anything that is in the air and loose.

So when the airplane was gone we helped grandmother up and we walked home, but she did not knit a stitch all the way, and I told Jane I hoped that would be a lesson to her—to Jane—because she had seen grandmother's morale shot all to pieces in an instant, with no sock knitting all the way home while, as like as not, Sarah Deering was knitting right along. So Jane said it was a lesson to her, especially when I explained to her that if grandmother stopped knitting the war would be lost and the Germans come over and own the United States

Well, when grandmother got home she said it was a blessing to feel a solid roof over her head again and that she hoped she wouldn't have to go out again while those pesky things were gallivanting all over the sky. She meant the airplanes. She said she didn't see why people couldn't conduct a respectable war and not think it needful to invent those awful things that went scuttering hither and yon above one's head. She said that with all this talk of making them bigger and bigger, a body couldn't even feel safe in a house any more, for she supposed if one of the big ones did hit the roof it would come clattering right through and bring the ceiling down on her head, willy or nilly.

Well, Jane and I sat on the sofa and listened to grandmother, and we saw as clear as day that she was still jumpy because of the airplane that had frightened her. She was knitting, but she wasn't knitting with the spirit of '76. She was knitting jerkily and not at all with a bright and steady flame.

"There!" I said to Jane. "See, smarty? You said her morale couldn't be cracked. Now what do you think!"

"Well, it's cracked, but it isn't broken," Jane said. "You talk a lot about it but you don't do anything Why don't you do something, if you are so smart?"

So we sat and watched grandmother jerkily knitting and saw that she kept looking at the sky through the windows. For a while neither of us could think of anything to do to keep up grandmother's morale, because it wasn't anything you could take hold of, really. It was just how she felt. So I saw that what grandmother's morale needed was to feel safe and secure from airplanes coming through the roof and shattering down the living-room plaster upon her head. The only way to prove that grandmother was safe was to

"The minute grandmother saw the airplane, she put her hands on the top of her hat and squatted right down on the sidewalk"

prove it, so I took Jane quietly from the room and we went up to the third floor where we sleep.

Above the third floor is a place between the ceiling and the roof. You can only get up there through a scuttle with a ladder, but there was a ladder there and Jane and I had been up there before. So we went up again. There isn't any floor, but if you are careful you can walk on the beams and not step on the laths of the ceiling between them, but you have to keep bent over, the roof is so near.

The reason we went up was to see that the beams of the roof were good and strong, so we could tell grandmother that no airplane could ever break through, even if it fell spang onto our roof. We looked at the beams and felt them and tried to shake them, but they were good and solid. They were solid enough for anybody.

It was dark and dusty up there, but Jane and I sat on the ceiling beams and talked it over and said we could truthfully tell grandmother that even the biggest kind of airplane couldn't break through unless it fell from very, very high. Even if it fell nose down it couldn't come through, because the roof timbers were so close together.

"If she don't believe it," Jane said, "we can offer to bring her up here and let her feel the roof herself. Of course she won't come, but it will make her feel safe if we offer to let her."

So we went down.

When we got to the second floor I stopped Jane because I had thought of something else. It was about ceilings and that we ought to prove to grandmother that the ceilings in our house were safe and sound. Jane thought so, too.

"Because," Jane said, "if grandmother knows they are safe and sound she won't be afraid that they will fall down on her, no matter what happens, and then she can knit in peace."

"And not worry," I said.

It was too bad for the dishes that Nora had already set the table, but the reason we picked out mother's room was because there was a rocking chair in it, and the rockers wouldn't hurt the floor as chair legs might. Jane took the chair by the arms and I took it by the back, and we thumped the floor with it. We thumped vigorously, because that was the only way to prove that the ceiling would not fall. It was Dorothy coming in that stopped us. She was quite out of breath from running up the stairs, and she tried to jerk the chair away from us.

"Stop that!" she yelled at us. "For goodness' sake, stop! Are you trying to scare your grandmother to death, or what? She's crawled half under the sofa and you are driving her frantic with fear!"

We hadn't thought of that, I guess, when we thought of it, we were so scared that we let the chair

Google

"'Stop that!' she yelled at us. 'Are you trying to scare your grandmother to death?'"

fall. Anyway it fell, and then we heard it. The dining-room ceiling falling into the dinner dishes, I mean.

"There!" said Dorothy. "Now we will *never* get grandmother to come out from under the sofa!"

But we did, or what was the same thing. Nora and Dorothy lifted the sofa off from over her.

Her morale was very, very bad just then. It looked for a while as if she would never have any again. We had to carry her dinner to her room, and she ate very little, keeping her eyes on the ceiling continuously. Both Jane and I were very contrite and Jane was tearful, and we begged her pardon many times, but she did not have morale enough that night to knit at all.

I was afraid she would never knit again and I told Jane so; but the next morning, when Jane and I were composing a telegram to father, telling him that he had better hasten home because grandmother's morale was at its last sad ebb, grandmother came out of her room, and she had her knitting.

She gave up sitting in the living room that day and sat in the dining room where there was now little or no plaster to fall, and she knit more or less, but mostly less. Jane and I remained away from her quite a good deal that day, because her morale seemed to weaken when we came into the room, and Dorothy sat with her, mostly to tell her there were no airplanes hovering above.

Jane and I peeked in at the door many times, for we longed to repair the damage we had done to dear grandmother's morale, but it was not until just before dinner that we had a chance. We were approaching the door carefully when Dorothy came out with a rush. She had the evening paper in her hands and she stopped short in front of us.

"Now, listen to what I tell you, twins!" she said, as if she meant it. "Don't you ever let grandmother get the newspaper before I look through it! Understand? Well, remember it!"

She went upstairs then, taking the paper with her, and Jane and I went into the dining room, where grandmother was sitting in her rocking chair. She was knitting, but not with vigor and vim. She looked at us kindly, as if all was forgiven, however.

"Well, dears?" she asked, for I guess we looked as if we wanted to talk to her.

"You needn't be afraid of airplanes in *this* house, grandmother," I told her.

I had to shout it rather loud, because she don't hear well.

"No, you needn't," Jane said. "It's a safe house."

"We know it is," I said, "because we went up under the roof and we looked at the beams, and felt them ——"

"And they're solid as iron!" Jane said.

"Yes, and an airplane couldn't fall between the beams if it tried," I said, "they are so close together. No old airplane out of our sky could fall between them. We know, don't we, Jane, because we looked."

Just then grandmother sort of jumped.

"What's that?" she asked, dropping her knitting into her lap.

It was Nora grinding the coffee, and we told her.

"I thought it was an airplane," grandmother said, and she began to knit, but far from placidly.

"Pshaw! You don't need to be afraid of airplanes when we have a good roof like ours," I told her. "There can't anything bigger than a bomb fall through our roof"

"What? Bomb!" grandmother asked.

"Bomb!" I shouted. "Bomb! Nothing but one could come through our roof. Of course a bomb could, between the beams, where there isn't anything but thin boards and shingles. Of course, a bomb *could* come right through the roof——"

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Well, grandmother got right out of her chair and went under the dining-room table and threw her skirt over her head and held it there with both hands. We tried to get her to come out but she only edged in deeper. Even Nora couldn't get her to come out, and when Nora called Dorothy, she did not help much.

"Now, what!" she exclaimed in the mean way she does when she is very, very provoked. "Now, what! What on earth have you been doing now?"

"Nothing," I said. "We haven't been doing a thing except trying to keep grandmother's morale up, and father told us to."

"He did so!" said Jane.

Dorothy just threw her hands as if she was trying to throw them away.

"What—*what* have you been doing?"

"I just told her the roof was good and strong," I said, because I was mad at the way she was blaming everything on us. "I didn't do a thing but tell her no old airplane could fall through our roof except a bomb——"

"Ye gods!" Dorothy cried, as if all hope was lost forever. "Bombs! Bombs falling through the roof! And I just found her frightened half to death over this silly warning in the paper that the German submarines might be carrying airplanes that would try to drop bombs! I just managed to persuade her that no bomb could *ever* break through our roof!"

It looked, indeed, as if grandmother would live under the dining-room table from then on, until the war was over, and it seemed quite plain that, in spite of all we had tried to do, her morale was at the lowest ebb possible, if not gone entirely, but at that moment grandmother removed her skirt from her head.

"I'm not afraid, mind you!" she said. "I'm not a mite afraid."

"We know you're not, grandmother," Dorothy said.

"Not a jot or tittle!" said grandmother. "It is memory. Unconsciously I dread anything that may fall on the top of my head. I can't help it."

"We know," Dorothy said.

Well, it would be an awful thing if I had to say that grandmother never got back her morale, because then I would have to say the Germans won the war, but everybody knows that isn't so. But it might have been so if Sarah Deering hadn't come over. She came right in without ringing, like she always does, and she did not have her knitting. She had something else. She had a souvenir her brother had sent over to her from France. It was a German helmet—a steel one.

Of course she was surprised to see grandmother under the table; but when Dorothy told her why grandmother was there, she laughed.

"Then this is just what you need, grandmother," Sarah Deering said, and I guess grandmother didn't know she was joking, because she took the steel helmet and tried it on. It fit her pretty well. She tried it by shaking her head, and I guess she was satisfied with it.

"Help me out from under this table," she said, and we all helped her. She patted the helmet on top, and then she sat in her rocking chair and took up her knitting. "Thank you, Sarah," she said. "This is just what I have needed all my life. I wonder I never thought of it before. It is the most comfortable hat I have ever had."

Then she began to knit, and by the way she knitted Jane and I knew her morale was all right again. We knew her morale was sound and solid all through once more. She was knitting like 2:40—on—the—home stretch!

"Then she began to knit, and by the way she knitted Jane and I knew her morale was all right again"

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In art and science, sculpture and telegraphy, these wounded chaps have sufficient interest to study hard and to become experts

THE MIRACLE OF REEDUCATION

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

WHEN Johnny comes marching home again, it's all hurrah, red fire, and brass bands, which is quite as it should be. But what about Johnny when he can't come marching home to the music, but must come limping back minus a leg, or is brought piteously back blind, deaf, or otherwise incapacitated? Pension him and turn him loose to a life of corroding idleness? That would have been the old way. But the high pressure of this war has made us think of many old problems in new ways. We are no longer content to accept for our maimed and crippled must be found for them. Such is the war-debt which society owes to the man who went into the war whole, and came out of it only part of a man. But a mere place in the general scheme is not enough. It must be a place at least as good as that which he left for the service of his country, and one that he can hold in fair and open competition with a normal man; otherwise he quickly becomes merely a half-pensioner on the pity of society and his self respect is bound to suffer.

a future which will commit them to the life of fungi. A place in the social and economic world

"Any job is good enough for a cripple," says Cynicism which boasts of its practical-mindedness.

"A cripple of this war is good enough for any job," says short-sighted Sentimentalism.

Both are fundamentally wrong, the one in spirit, the other in reasoning. Both exemplify a hindrance in the public mind against which the progress of physical and economic reconstruction must make its way. To find the right place for the physically defective and then train him to be the right man for the place, is the tremendous task of education and rehabilitation to which the Government has summoned a vast staff of experts—medical, psychological, sociological, and economic. The final purpose may be summed up in one word: replacement.

FIRST of all the maimed man must be saved from developing a maimed spirit, the "crippled psychology." Here enters in the danger that he will fall back upon his pension, saying: "I have done this for my country and have come out a wreck; now let my country take care of me" —which means a life gone to seed. Therefore the forces which build up a special morale for such cases are at once set to work upon the man, though never obviously, in order to restore his hold upon life.

A representative of the Reconstruction Division of the Surgeon-General's Office makes a friendly call on him as he lies on his cot in the base or general hospital and gets him talking about himself. What is he specially interested in? What was his occupation in civil life? Has he any particular business plans for the future? And, as the result of that talk, there presently is brought to the bedside of the convalescent a telegraph instrument, a draughting board, a typewriter, a lump of modelling clay, or, for those not quite so strong, bead-work, embroidery, or sewing. The idea here is not primarily practical, is not aimed at educating the soldier for an economic purpose; it is merely to occupy his mind, train his hands, and get him into the habit of thinking of himself as already resuming a useful part in the world. Wherever possible the work given him is in the general line of his chosen trade. It sometimes happens that this morale training leads to direct and unforeseen results, as in the case of a young Italian, formerly a laborer, who, crippled and bedridden, told wistfully of going to art museums to look at sculptures and modellings and wondering whether he could ever produce shapes of beauty. They put clay into his restless hands, and he set happily to work. Now, released from bed, he is doing basreliefs under the guidance of one of the Government's specially employed artists, and doing them so well that, when he is discharged from hospital, the Federal Board of Vocational Education will give him the best art training procurable in this country.

A hospital mate of his, an illiterate Russian—dull, lethargic, and hopeless, one of those cases which hang dead-weight on the hands of the doctors and make no effort to get well —exhibited a faint gleam of interest in some bead-stringing being done by his neighbor. One of the watchful nurses (they are all keen to detect the smallest clue to ambition or interest on the part of the patient) casually left a frame-work and a box of beads within his reach. Presently the Russian was at work with them and demanding more colors. Within a month he had turned out several original patterns, the largest of which would fetch from seventy-five to a hundred dollars at any shop. But this is insignificant as compared to the fact that when an expert professional designer saw the work, and interrogated him, he announced himself ready to guarantee the man remunerative employment on poster work. The ignorant and formerly hopeless foreigner was possessed of a marked talent for color and pattern.

In the same ward there lay and tossed and fretted a wiry, nervous young fellow minus his left hand, who could not be interested in any of the sewing, beading draughting, or designing operations going on about him, which he bitterly characterized as "pink-tea stuff."

"I'm an auto repair man; that's what I am," he announced. "What chance have I got with this thing?" waving the stump of his arm. "If you want to get me going just run a 60-horse-power bus with a pain in its inside up to the bed and let me go to it. If you can't do that, leave me alone."

The man in charge of the case went down to the hospital automobile shop, got a deranged and obstinate carburetor, and brought it to the crippled mechanic.

At dinner time they had to remove the carburetor to get the patient to eat. He has since gone into the auto shop where he is learning to make a hand and a hook do the work of two hands.

"Get your man interested in the doing of something," say the reconstruction experts, "and the game is won."

WITH these one-armed men—and this is one of the commonest forms of war's maiming—the whole therapeutic effort, after the wound is cared for, is to cure the disability. The patient is taught to make one hand do the work of two. A one-armed man of nine years' standing is the instructor at Walter Reed Hospital, near Washington, where this class of cases goes. One of the first and most important lessons of the newly mended cripple, though he may not at the time recognize it as schooling, is to see this expert go about the every-day business of life with such ease and naturalness that the observer forgets his apparent disability. He can tie a string necktie into a flawless bow with a movement which seems like legerdemain; and this feat, though comparatively easy, always immensely impresses the neophyte. If a man can do that so readily with one hand, he can do anything! All the ordinary functions of dressing, shaving, washing, eating, and the like are carefully taught, and each one as mastered builds up confidence and leads the patient to a frame of mind wherein he thinks of himself as normal—which is nine-tenths of morale.

It is not until the remaining hand has become educated that the soldier is taught the more extensive uses of the mechanical arm. With a hook or a clamp attached to this, his range of activity is at once immensely enlarged, and he soon finds that, in the handicrafts and in the manipulation of tools, his disability gradually

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decreases until it reaches the vanishing point. A soldier at Walter Reed has devised a simple clamp which has become very popular there and which is readily adaptable to almost all tools and many games. I have seen men equipped with this carving wood, doing expert carpentry, weaving, hammering brass, making copper designs, working in fine jewelry, batting around a baseball, handling a tennis racket, and even boxing, though I think that the artificial arm will never be popular in the professional ring; it "packs a wallop" of too destructive an order.

Out of the super-education of the one surviving hand has developed an attitude of mind rather startling to the layman who regards himself as normal. In the course of making the rounds at Walter Reed, one of the vocational therapy experts, who had been introducing me to the skillful work performed by the cripples, suddenly turned to me with this challenge:

Clever fingers of the blind, so amazingly and cane work! Infinite patience, unend-

"I suppose you regard yourself as a whole man."

Looking myself hastily over I replied that I could count the usual number of arms, legs, and other appurtenances.

"All right," said the expert, "but you're a sort of cripple at that. You're atrophied."

"If I am, I've never discovered it," I assured him.

"Of course not. People never do until they're shown. You haven't got anything like the full use of more than four fingers and two thumbs out of a total of ten. The normal man—the man who believes himself normal, I mean—never has. Can you light a safety match with one hand?"

He handed me the box and the match. After the second abortive attempt, the box fell to the floor and the box fell on the match.

"That's elementary, that stunt," remarked the instructor. "Kindergarten stuff. Our one-arms can do that before they get out of bed. You see, your two smaller fingers are really cripples. Now, we teach our fellows to do the work with those fingers that you have to use another hand for. There's the whole physical principle of our training in its simplest form—substitution."

If the deftness of the cripple sometimes seems like legerdemain, the achievements with the blinded soldiers are more in the nature of magic. All the soldiers and sailors who are officially declared blind—that is, reduced in vision to the point where they are disqualified for the normal vocations of life—come to Evergreen, the beautiful 200-acre estate of Mrs. T. H. Garrett just outside of Baltimore, loaned by the owner to the Government and specially equipped by the Red Cross and now officially U. S. Army General Hospital No. 7. There the work of training the disabled has reached its highest point, and in the field which presents the greatest difficulty.

To appreciate the radical advance represented in the Government's technique with the blind at Evergreen, one must know something of how hopeless and helpless has been hitherto the status of the adult sightless in this country. There is a proverb proper to the fatalistic Orient, "*These be as the dead—the childless, the leper, and the blind.*" And in so far as our general

expert at weaving, basket-making ing pluck have brought their reward

attitude toward the latter goes, we have practically accepted the fatalism of the East. True, we educate and train blind children. But a large proportion of sightlessness is incurred after the age of twenty-one, and these victims, with a few exceptions, have had nothing done for them. They could perhaps become piano-tuners, the one profession open to them. Otherwise they might sell lead pencils through appeal to the pity of the passer-by; or beg profitably on busy street-corners; or exist, prisoners of fate, as dependents upon their relations. The most melancholy collection of human documents that I have ever read was a batch of letters received by a large manufacturer in the West who had found employment in his plant for two or three sightless men, a kindly experiment which had been described in an appreciative spirit by a local newspaper, but unfortunately in such terms as to indicate that other opportunities for like victims were open in the place. From all over the country letters written by the blind or for them came to that employer—piteous, imploring letters, begging for a chance to work; anything, however laborious, however small the pay, which would lift the applicants out of the dependent class and relieve the blighting monotony and tedium of life by a job that would give them a place in the world and restore to them their self-respect. There are probably 75,000 blind adults in this country and some 70,000 of them are of the class and condition of those who wrote these affecting appeals.

No such fate awaits the Government's wards. They are not going to join that legion of the better-dead, unless by their own choice. From the moment that the blind victim reaches the hands of the reconstruction specialists there begins the tactful, patient process which shall restore his shaken confidence in himself as a normal human being and educate him to overcome his handicap and take his proper place in the social and economic world. People with a full equipment of faculties think largely through their eyes. The blind man must be taught first to think through his finger sight wherever practicable. To his bedside is brought some simple piece of mechanism for him to finger or some knitting or sewing, as soon as he is well enough for any activity. He thinks that this is to occupy his mind. Actually it is the primary step in his reeducation, his kindergarten course, training him to employ his hands as organs of perception. Later, as his convalescence progresses, he will be taught to dress himself, to shave, to eat, to locate the objects in the room, to go about the ordinary concerns of existence with increasing confidence, until he is ready to begin his technical education at Evergreen.

About this time there becomes apparent a curious division among the patients into two classes. For want of a better term the authorities at Evergreen distinguish the men as "the blind blind" and "the sighted blind." The blind-blind man comes there in a spiritual slump, which manifests itself in his physical appearance. His shoulders are down; his head hangs forward; his expression is dull; his voice flat; his whole personality proclaims immobility and unresponsiveness. He

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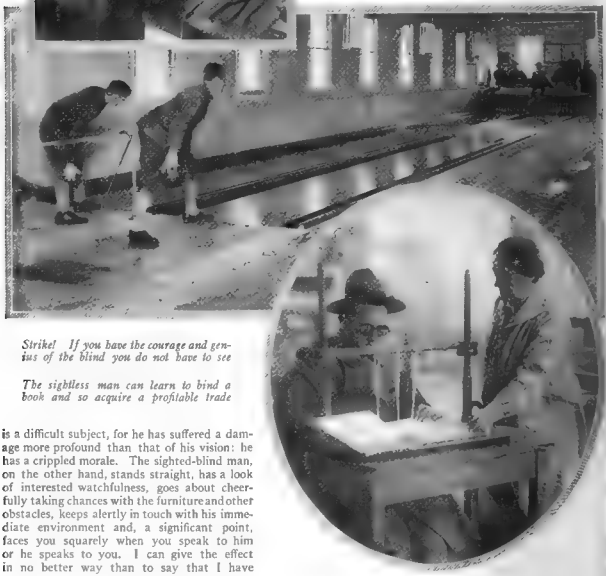
sat chatting with a group of the sighted blind at Evergreen and, in a short time, have become wholly unconscious of their disability. But one learns that the sighted-blind man wishes always to be treated as an ordinary human being, and the surest way to make him uncomfortable is to dodge painful subjects which may touch upon his incapacity, or to avoid pointedly the words "blind" and "blindness."

The transition from "blind" to "sighted" among the patients is sometimes a matter of slow and patient upbuilding of morale. Often it takes place in response to the first practical opening up of new activities. One profoundly depressed private who was sure that the future held nothing for him was asked, on arrival at Evergreen, if he did not wish to write home to his family.

With his left hand he weaves the beauty of an intricate design



Strike! If you have the courage and genius of the blind you do not have to see

The sightless man can learn to bind a book and so acquire a profitable trade

is a difficult subject, for he has suffered a damage more profound than that of his vision: he has a crippled morale. The sighted-blind man, on the other hand, stands straight, has a look of interested watchfulness, goes about cheerfully taking chances with the furniture and other obstacles, keeps alertly in touch with his immediate environment and, a significant point, faces you squarely when you speak to him or he speaks to you. I can give the effect in no better way than to say that I have

"How can I write?" he retorted, querulously.

"On a typewriter," was the reply.

"I don't know how, even if I could see the letters."

"That's all right," they assured him. "In a week you'll know all about it."

He did. All that was necessary was to lift him out of the blues. In a week he was back in the world from which he had deemed himself forever shut off, having found a line of communication. His first epistolary achievement began thus:

Dear Folks.
I am Felling fine and th8s is a Bul lyplaice."

A highly effectual link with the normal world is the typewriter. Every patient who comes to Evergreen is set at once to learning its use. The touch system is taught just as it is in all up-to-date typing schools, in any of which a blind person could learn quite as easily as a sighted one. While I was at Evergreen, a New York woman, whose name I may not mention, notified Lieut. Colonel Bordley, in charge of the reëducation of the blinded in the Governmental scheme of reconstruction, of her intention to present a typewriter to every patient in the place; to be his own personal property. I do not suppose that, estimated dollar for dollar, anyone in the world ever bought more happiness for others.

As a matter of course the inmates are taught the systems of reading by touch, also writing on special machines which print the Braille type. There is an astonishing range of crafts and vocations taught, vary-

At Evergreen, the blind are taught to walk in joy—and in lightness

From machine to machine! The sightless soldier is the efficient medium

ing from such obvious occupations for the blind as hammock-making and cane-weaving (which are used rather as aids to manual dexterity than with any view to employment in a field already preempted by machine work), to bookbinding, telephone operating, tile-making, and the modelling of cores for aluminum and iron castings. A totally blind patient is now taking a course in anatomy and massage at Johns Hopkins University, and gives every indication of becoming as good as the best experts in that line.

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Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Carrying on! One blind soldier reads from a Braille book, while his blind companion types the dictation

The soldiers and sailors at Evergreen and the few still to come there for training, a comparatively small number, will soon be out and at work in the world. What, then, of the immense labor and thought and the ready self-sacrifice on the part of the large corps of experts who make up such a staff as never could have been gathered together except by the compelling summons of the war? Are they to disintegrate when their immediate task is finished?

The answer is to be found in the 70,000 or more wretched blind people (not counting some 20,000 blind children, now under training) scattered about the country hitherto with no economic hope. It is the intention of the American Red Cross to maintain a part of the plant, at least, as a medium through which these, after being trained, can pass into useful occupations. The present under-graduates of Evergreen, it is assumed, will prove to the business world that in properly selected pursuits, the trained and skilled blind can be equally productive with the best labor and thus open up further opportunities for those who follow.

Obviously the problem of reconstructing a deaf man for his "place in the sun" economically speaking, is much simpler than is the case with the blind. All his physical activities, except for that one medium of communication, are unimpaired. Nevertheless the same high grade of expert instruction is at the call of every deafened man who saw service in the war. Here the chief purpose of instruction is to perfect the pupil in lip reading, and thus reduce his handicap to a minimum, they succeed. For instance at Fort McHenry, Cape May, N. J., a totally deaf soldier took a five-months' intensive course in speech-reading, was discharged, went home, and sedulously concealed from his family the nature of his "wound." Shortly afterward he reported back to the hospital that for forty hours he had completely hoodwinked the household.

"I'd have them buffaloed yet," he wrote, "but I went out after lunch to get a paper and when I came in I sat down with my back to the door, like a simp, to read it. My sister came in quietly and spoke to me four times behind my back. Then she came around in front and I saw her say, 'What's the matter with you? Are you deaf, or are you trying to have some fun with me?' So I had to own up. But I don't think they half believe it yet."

Whether he be blind, deaf, armless, or legless, the maimed or crippled man has passed the crisis when he foresees himself resuming practical activities in the world and, as a corollary, conceives himself naturally as a normal integer in the general scheme. For this establishes his morale. To assure and maintain this is the underlying principle, the real and marked advance in thought, which characterizes the vast campaign of reconstruction. To illustrate the effect of getting a hold in time upon the crippled spirit, as contrasted with the failure to establish morale, consider the two cases below. Private M——, an intelligent young artisan, had both legs shot off and was blinded

by a shell. Through haste or error or both, he was bandied about from hospital to hospital, not staying anywhere long enough to have the proper psychological attention given to his case, though surgically it was successfully handled. When he reached this country his sister, who knew only that he had been wounded, visited him in hospital.

"Is that you, Annie?" he asked.

"Don't you know me?" replied the startled girl. "What's the matter with you, Tom?"

"Can't you see what's the matter? I'm blind."

The sister began to cry. He leaned forward and drew her to him. "Got any money?"

"Yes, a little. Do you want it?"

"Go out and get me some poison and slip it to me."

"Oh, Tom!" whispered the stricken girl. "I wouldn't dare. They wouldn't give it to me, anyway."

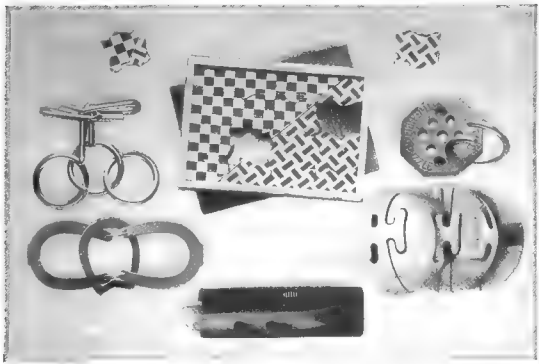
"Yes, they will. I'll tell you what to say." And he told her.

The girl got the poison. But she did not bring it back. She took it herself. And now the legless, blind soldier lies waiting for friends to visit him and, when they come, confidentially pleads with them to get him something wherewith he may make an end of it. He will never be anything but a ruin. His spirit is blinded and crippled, a sheer waste; but Evergreen, had it got him in time, would have saved him and taught him and trained him and restored him, as it has done with so many others.

Contrast this with the apparently far more hopeless case of S——, an ignorant Negro who disembarked from a transport, totally deaf, wholly dumb, semi-hysterical, profoundly melancholic, and apparently imbecile. In fact, his case was diagnosed at first as hopeless mental defectiveness, an asylum case. But happily for him he was sent to Cape May under the Section on Defects of Hearing and Speech. All records of him had been lost. He had no name, no place in the world; and if he had had, would have had no use for them. But the experts would not give him up; not though his mental blankness was such that his attention could be attracted only by repeated hand-wavings or proddings. He did not know what candy was when it was put in his hand. His utmost mental effort was exhausted in picking up a few sticks of crayon set before him. But one day he noticed a gold thimble on a nurse's finger, and after profound cogitation produced from his pocket an aluminum thimble.

That was the start. From that slender beginning of the resumption of reason, the soldier was led on to speech, to memory, and to writing. Within a week he had dictated a letter to his mother, quite cheerful in spirit. He was set to doing errands around the hospital, is now making good progress in speech-reading and general education, has wholly overcome his melancholy and hysteria, and will presently be taught a trade, preparatory to his going back home and getting a better job than he could have hoped to obtain before his injury.

The first of these cases typifies the tragedy of "too late;" the second, the triumph of "just in time."



Puzzles! They try your ingenuity. But they aid the blind to visualization and dexterity

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THE LITTLE ALLIES

Illustration by

WHAT is it that the children of all the nations see ahead of them, and that they look at with such exultant faces?

It is the new world, the coming world, the world those men in trench helmets, with bayonets set, have fought to win. The men are shadowy. Many such men—millions of them—have died in the war. What they see, as they look back from where they now are, we can only guess, but they will not in the flesh see the world that they have saved. The generation of the living who are now grown up will hardly see more than the beginning of the new life in that world, and that is likely to be much disturbed. But these children, with half a century more or less of

OF THE WORLD

Franklin Booth

earthly life ahead of them, will see the working out of what was started by those shadowy men in steel hats.

The prospect looks delightful to them, but the picture is a work of faith. Its forward-looking figures glow at sight of things to us as yet unseen. The duty of the hour is to make it real; to carry through the great work of the great war to a true conclusion; to justify an unexampled consecration of the generation now in power by securing, for the generation that is coming on, a better world to live in than humanity ever had before. The time is now. To-morrow waits upon To-day. The visioned future sheds its radiance on those whose prayers and deeds shall make it real.

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Original from

She raises her baton—the harmony begins. For these youngsters "it is as natural to play as it is to breathe"

THE SAGEBRUSH ORCHESTRA

By Anne Shannon Monroe

Author of "Happy Valley — A Story of Oregon"

THE little violin teacher stood in the doorway of her small gray tent and looked out upon a gray-green sagebrush world over which the wind, like a master director, was beginning to play with the apparent inconsequence of a fiddler tuning up, a pianist caressing her keys. There came the swish of wind raking sand—a moan—a swirl—a sucking—a something mounting, portentous; there struck in the discordant creak, c-r-e-a-k, C-R-E-A-K of the windmills of the dry little town; right at her door a meadow lark called, piercing sweet, to his mate, then both flew away, yellow-red darts in the air, like notes that had escaped with all their color. From far off in the matted gray came the long-drawn lonesome howls of a coyote.

Abruptly the howling ceased. The little teacher now saw, rising far off across the plains, a dense yellow fog; it lifted into a wall, it came rolling on like a wave, shortening up the space. The brittle sagebrush responded with snappings and cracklings, the delicate flowers quivered. She felt the sting of sand in her tender city face, her hair blew wildly about, the tent wings began to flap like wet sheets in the wind, and she knew suddenly that a dust storm was on. She ran hurriedly and fastened down the flaps. She was not a moment too soon; the wind roared about her, jerked at the tent, whipped at it, beat against it as with fiendish design.

In a little while the wind had had its will, and now the world was caught in one of Nature's rare pauses. The sky was meltingly blue without a cloud, and a heavy coating of dust yellowed over the sagebrush world. She would go for a walk.

She started down the straggling street of the weather-beaten little town. Strong teams went by drawing enormous loads of sweet-smelling hay; a bunch of splendidly developed cattle was starting off on its long drive out to a railroad; an occasional battered and dust-covered motor car whizzed past from some ranch fifty, one hundred, miles away, pulling in over mountains, through rim rock, across soft sand. The drivers were lanky whipcord men—wind- and sand- and sun-sculptured men—men who hurled themselves like gods against the wilderness, demanding of it wheat and cattle—bread and meat—that the balance of the world might eat. Children came trooping out of the school house, and ran shouting off to freedom. Her heart leaped, she stood watching them—such frank-eyed, slender-limbed, bronzed youngsters, prettily dressed, beloved; but they had no music, none of the wine of the

feast of life—it was spring and they had never even heard a hurdy-gurdy!

Passionately she turned back and hurried after a group going in the direction of the engineer's tents. "Children, children," she cried, running into their midst as they approached the tents, "won't you stop? I want to play for you."

They looked at her with frank friendliness, without embarrassment, willing for any diversion, and together they all trooped into the tent. Feverishly she took out her violin, and played a simple thing full of melody which she hoped they might appreciate. When she had finished, a quaint black-eyed Betty of eight popped out: "Can you make 'er go like a meadow lark? Betcha I can! Lemme try."

Trembling for her precious violin, she handed it over to the child. Betty took up the bow awkwardly and attempted her task, but the sounds she produced did not satisfy her.

"Listen a minute; one'll sing—then I can do it." They listened—but one did not sing.

"Lemme take 'er," commanded a boy called Hicks, a year or so older. "Betcha I can make 'er go like a coyote."

He worked away at it but neither was he satisfied. Presently he laid the unwieldy instrument on the cot. "It's no good; my jew's-harp's better," he said and, pulling out the preferred medium, put it to his lips, and with a friendly twinkle in his eyes began. The little teacher had to laugh, he was so perfectly the howling coyote. "Here's the frogs over by Larkin's swamp," he said, encouraged; then, "Here's the weaners." He went through his repertoire. "Wanna hear the rabbits caught in a drive?"

"He can play just anything," praised the admiring Betty.

"Wouldn't you like to learn to play the fiddle?" the little teacher asked breathlessly. Oh, to get this boy into her hands!

He looked across at the fiddle and his eyes brightened. "I tell you what, you teach me to play the fiddle, and I'll take you down to the birds' lake and teach you to go like the birds when they first wake."

"It's a bargain," said the violin teacher.

"Then put 'er there," said the ten-year-old, holding out a hard, burned, stogy little hand that had a grip like a man's.

WITHIN a week, from twenty-five to thirty children were trooping by after school for a concert. They would squat about in the white sand before her doorway where she played for them, or where the various jew's-harp performers took their turns, and now and then they would all keep very still when the meadow larks seemed particularly inspired to give a number. She found that, like the rest of the world, they loved best that which they best understood, and if she was to gain real popularity for her fiddle she had to "make 'er go" like the wild geese, like the cattle sensing an on-coming storm, like water falling over rocks, like the windmills, and the meadow larks, and every other sound familiar to their lives. In it all there was a total lack of self-consciousness, of the attitude that this was music, a thing apart, a sacred art. It was as natural for them to reproduce the sounds they heard as it was to breathe; and the music she made with her violin no more awed them than did that which the larks made with their throats.

IT wasn't long till she had culled out several equally as promising as Hicks, who were delighted with her suggestion that they learn to play. Then she sent off an order for five violins.

When they arrived the children were wild with delight. "Lemme take 'er," "Lemme," "Lemme," one after another begged until the little teacher was sick at heart to think she hadn't shiny new instruments for them all. To break the strain the little teacher took up her own beloved Strad and began to play, "The Last Rose of Summer," which all the children now loved and regularly demanded. In the midst of it a big touring car plowed through the heavy sand and came to a stop near the tent, and a large bronzed plainsman got out and strode over to the group. His face was so kind, his deep-set, blue-gray eyes so sympathetic, that the little teacher felt his presence at once as a real event.

When the number ended he went up to her and offered his hand. "What's this, an orchestra?" he asked.

"An orchestra! That's it—we'll have an orchestra!" she exclaimed, seized with the inspiration.

"You've already got the important part—the interest; all you need now is a few more instruments."

"I wonder if their parents would buy them?" the little teacher asked with her voice and her eyes and her whole body, not even realizing that her hand was still in the big plainsman's grasp.

"Of course they will; the sagebrush orchestra—the Children's Sagebrush Symphony Orchestra. How many instruments do you need?"

"Oh, thirty-five anyway—that many children are wild for them; if their parents will——"

"They will, they will—their parents will" (he was still holding her hand, now shaking it heartily). "Make out your list and let me know how much money you need; nothing like putting temptation right under the nose; make out your list." And as quickly as he had come he was gone.

"Children, children, who is our angel?" she demanded, excitedly.

"Huh! He ain't no angel," grunted out Hicks from a minute survey of his violin. "He's the one that always does it for you when no one else will. He's the children's friend."

But already the little violinist had out her pencil and pad and was busy making out her list—violins, piccolos, flutes, horns, drums—oh, it was to be a real orchestra with nothing left out.

This was to be the Sagebrush Orchestra, and so they all agreed that night out there by the engineers' tents on the edge of the town in the midst of the clean pungent sage was the place to locate it. A large tent was procured and erected over an elevated board floor, and here they could comfortably practise in bad weather, while in

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good, the flaps could be rolled up when the floor became a platform for the musicians with all out of doors left for the audience—for of course there would be audiences; there was nothing exclusive about this circle.

The great day actually arrived when the instruments were delivered, and the children, getting the news, came from school for the unpacking. Then began that less thrilling phase, the lessons and the patient day-by-day practising. Pupils rode in from ranches near town and began their lessons at six in the morning—where parents rise at four this is not so miraculous—and others began again directly after school and kept it up till well into the dark.

Little by little they gained. Did I say little by little? It only seemed that way to one who took each tiniest step with them. Actually these unstuffed, natural, fresh-air, plains children lapped up instruction as the thirsty soil the water and produced results as amazing as were the crops of the latter. The little teacher had never got such results in Boston, cultured Boston with all its background of music and literature. To add to the interest she had the children take turns directing. "Now you be the wind and play on us to-day," she would say to a restless one, using the symbol of the life they knew. "See what you can get out of this fussy old orchestra." And the child selected would run for the baton and mount the box and direct, most seriously and exactingly.

They celebrated the Fourth of July that summer with a public concert and had programmes and everything quite regular. To make it more thrilling the little teacher had the tent pulled down for the occasion and a huge violin erected over its board floor for a stage for the orchestra. Parents were proud and children happy, and the little teacher's cup of joy seemed all but running over.

THE second year passed in hard study with two concerts to its credit, and whirled around to autumn. Serious problems were facing the great range country. The strong young men were away at the war and the women had taken their places in the harvest fields. Adding to their difficulties, it had been a short water year with crops light and bankers calling in their loans. Construction on ditches had stopped and the policy of waiting—that eternal menace to the settler's prosperity—substituted. And at last the thing had struck clear through to the children: mothers were sending word daily that Jenny or Carl or Beulah or Tommy would have to drop their lessons for the winter; it only meant at most the price of gas to carry a car out to a railroad—but music they classed with non-essentials. And any way, many of them were satisfied with their children's performance and could see no reason for further study. One father answered her protests with, "Julie plays good enough now for her old Dad, and I guess that's good enough for anybody." Already Hicks was sawing off tunes at dances.

The little teacher was especially depressed over the outlook for the older girls—those vital, full-lifed children of the frontier with only a jiggy dance or a vulgar movie to feed their youthful craving for pleasure. She thought how carefully these plainsmen chose food for their stock—they were master builders of flesh and sinew—and how little they considered the problem of spiritual food for their children.

"Good morning," boomed a big voice. She aroused from her brooding and hurried to the tent opening. The Children's Friend stood there.

"You're looking a bit peaked," he said, scrutinizing her. "When a body lives just about so long in the sagebrush they need to get out. Better jump in the car and come along to Portland with me and hear some music. Schumann-Heink is billed for next week, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Come on and get filled up; you're all leaked out into these children."

The little teacher clenched her hands together in a hard wrenching. "Oh, if I only could take the children to hear some music—if only some musicians could hear my orchestra!"

"Why not?" demanded the big man, easily. "Bring the children along by all means; let them show the world what the sagebrush really produces."

The little violinist stood frozen to the spot. Finally; "Really—really—do you mean it? Can it be done? The cost—forty children—traveling expenses—hotel bills—but, oh, if only they could hear Schumann-Heink—the Boston Symphony —"

I have mentioned that the little teacher was a dynamo; Hicks has testified as to the man who did it for you when no one else would; and of course when the thing was actually launched the good citizens of Burns came to their aid, financially and otherwise. It happened to be also State Fair season along with everything else. The time was short, but they had all of it and the telegraph wires were kept busy. A live young newspaper man over in Portland was induced to take two weeks' vacation from his regular job and become manager of the Children's Sagebrush Symphony Orchestra, attending to bookings, press notices, interesting Portland's musical circles and otherwise insuring the success of the tour.

In the meantime back in the sagebrush wilderness things were stirring. Mothers objected to the tour. The Children's Friend settled the controversy by pronouncing that the mothers should go along too. The children were all to wear their middy suits. Home laundries got busy; neighbors ran in and out, lending and borrowing.

At last they were all ready for the journey with suit cases packed and instruments hooded and cased; then a dozen motor cars loaned by citizens began picking up their loads. At this stage no one would have missed the trip for a whole township.

AT daylight they awakened in Portland, and then the good times did begin in real earnest. There was a big breakfast party at one of the large hotels and a reception afterward, arranged by the energetic young press agent, when a number of musicians and city officials called to welcome the children and offer them automobile rides and street-car rides, the children clamoring for the latter as the rarer treat—and just everything! After a day of this they were whisked

away to the State Fair at Salem where they were to give their first concert.

The first was an afternoon concert in the open air; when it actually began her nervousness passed. At the lifting of her baton the children gave their accustomed attention, disporting themselves just as they did in the sagebrush. Totally without self-consciousness, they took the same keen pleasure in playing for these strangers that they did for the home folks, or for the cattle which they often tried to quiet with music—they had a legend in the big range country that this could be done —playing evenly and smoothly with never a variation from perfect rhythm. Hicks made a tremendous hit with his bird notes.

Then they were all whisked off again to Portland, to be entertained in homes of musicians, to hear other young people play, and above all to hear Schumann-Heink and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. And at last, after all the glory and the excitement, came the acid test: They were to play before Portland musicians, before the same musical audience that had listened on the preceding night to the great singer.

The little teacher was everywhere at once, for the children were getting restless with so much excitement. The young press agent was frantically attempting to hold fast to the middy tails of the youngest virtuoso, and the strain was telling on him. The hall filled rapidly with an audience that meant to be kind, not expecting much of children who had had so few advantages. The children took their places, received hearty applause for their youth and courage, and the little teacher once more lifted the baton. Instantly the magic worked—is all magic merely habit become instinctive? At once they became serious little artists, playing carefully, attentively, with their inevitably perfect rhythm. The little teacher breathed more easily; the concert was on and starting well.

They were playing the last number. Everything had gone amazingly; the children had never played so well before in their lives. There had been a Rubenstein melody, a Schubert march, a Mozart minuet, selections from Brahms, Léonard, and Dvorák, besides original bird compositions and exquisite solo work by the older girls who seemed imbued with new power and new understanding; how beautifully young and fresh and sincere had been their performance! Tears were in the little teacher's eyes. And now the littlest virtuoso was directing; he had behaved wonderfully well after all. The little teacher wanted to get the effect of the children's last number from the rear of the hall; she also wanted to hear what people were saying when they spoke their real sentiments; so she escaped into the crowd that had been able to get standing room only. She bent her eyes on the tiny conductor whom the players were watching so closely.

She heard a whisper. "There's Schumann-Heink!" She turned her head; the large magnificent woman was standing not two feet away. The little teacher riveted her eyes on the baby director; he was going as steadily through the piece as a drum major.

The piece ended; the house broke into applause, into bravos. The tiny director made his bow; then, being sleepy, he yawned and walked off the stage into his mother's arms. "Bravo! bravo!" shouted Schumann-Heink. "Oh, those babies—I must have them all in my arms!" And she was going down the aisle to the children.

"The Children's Friend" in the sagebrush country

The children, hugging their instruments, had come down off the stage to their mothers; and now they were crowded up close about the great singer, listening in rapt wonder, all star-eyes. "Next year," she was telling them, as the little teacher crept into the circle, "I will sing with you—we will give a concert!"

The Children's Friend, looking on, felt a touch on his arm. It was the president of a local bank. "Glad to find you here; been looking for you all day. I am anxious to know about crop conditions over in your country. Any hope?"

"This is our crop," said the Children's Friend, with a wave of his hand toward the children. "Very hopeful, I call it."

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"The Dryads learned a great deal about the thing men called marauding soldiers . . . and it meant a constant

HOW THE DRYADS

By Wini-

Illustrations by

YOU know, each tree is the home of a little fairy person called a Dryad. The Dryads are very lovely little people and consider themselves quite the aristocrats of the forests.

The story I am going to tell you is a story of the Dryads whose home is in France—for Dryads live in all the trees of the world—in that part of France that suffered so much in the war, and that's the northern part. If I had a map I could show you.

In a certain portion of northern France there stood a quiet little wood. I can tell you, it wasn't so very far from the little town where Joan of Arc was born. Here lived a very exclusive and old colony of Dryads. There were the Oak Dryads and the Birch Dryads, the Poplar Dryads and the Willow Dryads, who were perhaps the loveliest of all for they had such pretty long hair. So long it was that some of them carried it over their arm as a lady does the train of her party frock! And it shone green-gold in the sunlight. There were a few of the aristocratic Pine Dryads who felt themselves very superior indeed. One of the Pine Dryads was mayor of the woodland and they were all very happy and comfortable. Down in the valley lived the Orchard Dryads, who always wore lovely pink and white clothes and used the most exquisite perfumes.

At night, when the woods were quiet and the moon was high, they came out from their tree homes and sat around on the dark, cool moss and talked and gossiped and sang much as you and I might do. And sometimes they had dances and the lady Dryads wore circlets of red berries or chaplets of wood flowers in their dark green hair, and the gentlemen Dryads elbowed each other about the little pond-mirror to see if their mustachios were curled just right, for they were very vain and all very anxious to dance with the youngest of the Poplar Dryads, who came from the famous Lombardy family and who were the most graceful dancers of all.

Their autumn dance, the last before winter came, was the gayest. For this the Dryads donned their brightest raiment and they usually invited the Maple Dryads from the neighboring grove; and then you may be sure there was a riot of scarlet and crimson and yellow

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'war.' . . . War was the tears of Yvonne; war was rumble over in the direction where the sun set each night"

LOST THEIR HOMES

fred Carr

Willy Pogany

and gold frocks. And the frog orchestra piped its loudest and merriest, 'til white streaks appeared in the east, telling of the coming day. Then the Dryads bade each other farewell until spring and wished each other a peaceful winter. And they retired to the cozy warmth of their tree homes and composed themselves for the long winter sleep, wrapping themselves in leaf blankets and braiding their long, green hair so that it wouldn't tangle.

Yvonne and Jean used to play in the woods all through the long, summer days. Yvonne brought her dolls and Jean his wooden horse. Yvonne and Jean loved the wood and the wood loved Yvonne and Jean. Often the Dryads looked down upon them from among their leafy balconies and whispered to each other:

"How pink Yvonne's cheeks are this morning!"

"And her hair—like honey—like sunshine!"

"Good children, Yvonne and Jean—the fairies will guard them!"

So Yvonne and Jean and the Dryads of the woodland were all very happy and comfortable, each in his own world, until——

It was a fine spring morning, with the lingering freshness of winter in the air. The trees were sending out tiny yellow leaflets that seemed almost afraid to thrust their small selves out into the strange, bright world. The Dryads were aware of the new season, bringing with it work and duties, for you must not think that a fairy's life is all play. Indeed, the Dryads take great pride in keeping the leaves on their trees shiny, and they often have to kill the fat, fuzzy caterpillars and shiny black beetles that devour the foliage. And I have heard that if you go into the woods by the light of the crescent moon, you can see the Dryads sweeping the moss with their fairy carpet-sweepers!

But at the foot of the great oak tree, on this fine spring morning, there was the sound of great sobbing. The Oak Dryad heard it plainly through the bark of his tree. Rubbing his eyes he peeped out. The daylight blinded him and he blinked and blinked before he could see anything. Then, there at the foot of the tree, he saw Yvonne and Jean. It was Yvonne who was weeping while Jean had his sturdy little man's arm about her and was staring straight before him; and the Dryad, who was a fatherly sort of person, decided that Jean was on the point of tears, too.

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"*Les Allemands! les Allemands!*" she wailed, "they have taken my mother away!"

"*Les Allemands?*" thought the Dryad, and scratched his head soberly. Clearly something was wrong. So he told the Birch Dryads, who told the Poplar Dryads, who told the Pine Dryads, and so it went all over Dryaddom—that the mother of Yvonne and Jean had been taken away by *les Allemands*, and Yvonne was very sad.

And when the mayor of the woodland heard it, he shook his head sadly and said:

"Ah, well do I know the *Allemands;* well do I remember the awful year of 1870. That was war!" And then the Dryads knew that something was wrong, although they didn't understand it at all, not even after the old Pine Dryad had told them all that he could remember and lots that he made up about the war of 1870. It seemed that the *Allemands* were a wild and ferocious folk who lived just over the frontier and that they had walked into the country of the French and had killed the people and taken their property. While the Dryad mayor was speaking there was a rustling in the woods and the Dryads scrambled into their trees. The curious ones who looked through their keyholes saw a boisterous group of soldiers in gray go by, singing and shouting, and, as they passed, they tore great branches from the trees and slashed at the bark with their knives, making the Dryads wince with pain. After they had gone, the Dryad mayor came out again and nodded his head in affirmation. "*Les Allemands,*" he said. "The mortals are at war again."

And the Dryads did not know whether to be afraid or not, but somehow they were saddened and the leaves were not so shiny that summer; and they missed little Yvonne and Jean, who no longer played in the dappled shade of their branches. So passed four years, during which the Dryads learned a great deal about the thing that men called "war." War was the tears of Yvonne; war was marauding soldiers who hacked the tree houses with their great knives and carved queer words in the bark that none of the Dryads could read, yet in which they sensed threats and boasts. War also meant row after row of quiet crosses near the entrance to the wood. And it meant a constant rumble over in the direction where the sun set each night. Altogether the Dryads were beginning to think that they knew all about this mortal thing called war, until the fourth summer when the awful Thing happened. . . .

"Giant dragon-flies filled the air with their great wings"

The rumbling in the west had been growing louder for a number of days. Giant dragon-flies filled the air with their great wings and clatter, sometimes swooping down so low over the wood as to touch the tallest tree. And once the Dryads saw one of these great winged things fall, and it struck the earth with great force and burst into flames.

And then one night the woods were filled with shrieks, shrieks to which mortal ears were deaf, but the Dryads knew the clamor of their kind and hastened to see what was the matter. It was the Orchard Dryads from the valley below. They were wailing and wringing their hands; their pink-white trailing frocks were torn and ragged and dirty.

"*Les Allemands! les Allemands!*" they cried, "they are cutting down our trees!"

The Wood Dryads could hardly believe it. Why

should the *Allemands* cut down their beautiful and harmless trees?

"The apples were like nectar," sobbed an Apple-tree Dryad, dabbing her eyes with the rags of her pale green frock.

"The pears were nearly ripe for the plucking," moaned a second.

"And my branches were weighted down with cherries," wailed a weeping third. "Alas, alas!"

So the Woodland Dryads did their best to comfort the Orchard Dryads, who were temperamental creatures at best. But there was little they could do, for they were sadly upset.

"The mortals are cruel," said a Plum-tree Dryad whose purple robe was in shreds and who carried his arm in a sling, "cruel and wicked, and the *Allemands* are cruelest and wickedest of all. Mark my words, you'll not be spared." And hardly had he ceased speaking when a body of men in gray, with gleaming axes over their shoulders, entered the wood, and their leader, selecting a straight, proud pine tree, sunk his axe in its heart. Oh, how the pine tree shrieked! Terror struck the woodland and the air rang with the sound of falling axes. Straight and sure was the path of the mortals; to the right, to the left their blows fell, 'til the stately trees lay prone and dying while the Dryads shrieked and moaned in vain.

"We are forced to live like common wood-folk!" sobbed a haughty Pine Dryad. And they were desolate indeed. So each suffered in his own world: Yvonne and Jean, whose mother had been taken away, and the little fairy people of the wood whose homes had been destroyed.

It is spring again in the quiet wood. Violets carpet the ground and birds are building nests. The wood is as green-gold as it ever was in springtime. The little silver stream, in which the Dryads go sailing in their leaf-boats, babbles as cheerily as it has babbled for the last hundred years, for it is an old and knowing brook and its song is full of stories for those whose ears are open.

True, some of the trees have a strange appearance. Some of them seem to be tightly rolled in bandages, others are firmly braced with wire supports; but they are leafing as gaily as ever and birds are taking up their abode in the most desirable branches. And among them are some very young trees, called Saplings, who look a trifle weak but happy, and are vying with each other in putting out their yellow, curly leaves.

But there is a group of Dryads, talking. What are they saying?

"They call themselves the 'Red Cross,' these kindly mortals, and they came from very, very far away —across a huge body of water, I understand." It is the Dryad mayor speaking.

"And they were very skilful in the way they restored our woodland," he continues. "Those of the trees too badly damaged have been replaced by these slender young Saplings, which I must admit are at present insignificant, but which will improve with age."

If we step to the edge of the wood and look down into the valley, we can see a pink cloud shining in the warm spring sunshine. It is the orchard, once victim of the *Allemands'* spite, the orchard in blossom. Yes, my children, the mortals have been there, too, and you must know by this time what a wonderful thing kindness is. It can do anything. It is bigger and more powerful than war itself, for it can restore that which war destroys.

"And look; as I live, here come Yvonne and Jean!"

And look; as I live, here come Yvonne and Jean! My! how tall Yvonne has grown since the day she sobbed at the foot of the oak tree! Her honey-yellow hair is confined in two long braids that hang below her waist. And Jean, too, is taller and there is a manly light in his dark eyes. The grown-up person with them, with the sad, sweet smile, must be their mother who was taken away by the *Allemands*, by the way Yvonne and Jean look up at her.

"Isn't the wood lovely, mother?" they ask. "It's going to be just as beautiful as ever," and they look into each other's eyes and smile, for gladness has come to the world again—and Peace!

THE FEAST OF NATIONS

By Zona Gale

Illustrated by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

THREE-FOUR of us older ones was down winding up Red Cross, and eight-ten of our daughters were helping; not my daughter—I ain't connect'—but Friendship Village daughters in general. Or I don't know but it was us older ones that was helping them. Anyway, Red Cross was being wound up from being active, and the rooms were going to be rented to a sewing-machine man. And that night we were to have our final entertainment in the Friendship Village Opera House, and we were all going to be in it.

There was a sound from the stairs like something walking with six feet, and little Achilles Poulaki come in. He always stumbled even when there was nothing in sight but the floor—he was that age. He was the Sykeses' grocery delivery boy, that Mis' Sykes thinks is her social secretary as well, and he'd been errand boy for us all that day.

"Anything else, Mis' Sykes?" he says.

"I wonder," says Mis' Sykes, "if Killy can't take that basket of cotton pieces down to old Mis' Herman, for her woolen rugs?"

We all thought he could, and some of the girls went to work to find the basket for him.

"Killy," I says, "I hear you can speak a nice Greek piece."

He didn't say anything. He hardly ever did say anything.

"Can you?" I pressed him, because somebody had been telling me that he could speak a piece his Greek grandfather had taught him.

"Yes'm," he says.

"Will you?" I took it farther.

"No'm," he says, in exactly the same tone.

"You ought to speak it for me," I said. "I'm going to be Greece in the show to-night."

But they brought the basket then, and he went off with it. He was a little thin-legged chap—I dunno, such awful thin legs he had, and a pale neck, and cropped hair, and high eye brows and big, chapped hands.

"Don't you drop it, now!" says Mis' Sykes, that always uses a club when a sliver would do it.

Achilles straightened up his thin little shoulders and threw out his thin little chest, and says he:

"My grandfather was in the gover'ment."

"Go *on!*" says Mis' Sykes. "In Greece?"

"Sure," he says—which wasn't Greek talk, though I bet Greek boys have got something like it.

Then Achilles was scared to think he'd spoke, and he run off, still stumbling. His father had been killed in a strike in the Friendship mills, and his mother was sick and tried to sew some; and she hadn't nothing left that wasn't married, only Achilles.

The work went on among us as before, only I always waste a lot of time watching the girls work. I love to see girls working together—they seem to touch at things with the tips of their fingers. They remind me of butterflies washing out their own wings. And yet what a lot they could get done, and how capable they'd got to be. Ina Clare and Irene Ayres and Ruth Holcomb and some more—they were packing up and making a regular lark of it. Seemed like they were so big and strong and young they could do 'most anything. Seemed like it was a shame to close down Red Cross and send them back to their separate church choirs and such, to operate in, exclusive.

That was what I was thinking when Mis' Silas Sykes broke in—her that's the leading woman of the Friendship Village caste of folks.

"I don't know," says Mis' Sykes, "I don't know but pride is wicked. But I can*not* help feeling pride that I've lived in Friendship Village for three generations of us, unbroken. And for three generations back of that we were American, on American soil, under the American flag—as soon as ever it got here."

"*Was* you?" I says. "Well, a strain of me is English, and a touch of me way back was Scotch-Irish; and I've got a little Welsh. And I'd like to find some Indian, but I ain't never done it. And I'm proud of all them, Mis' Sykes."

Mis' Hubbelthwait spoke up—her that's never been able to get a plate really to fit her, and when she talks it bothers out loud.

"I got some of nearly all the Allies in me," she says, complacent.

"*What?*" says Mis' Sykes.

"Achilles began to speak, indistinct at first, then getting clear, and at last his voice went over the hall loud and strong and like he meant it"

"Yes, sir," says Mis' Hubbelthwait. "I was counting up, and there ain't hardly any of 'em I ain't."

"Japanese?" says Mis' Sykes withering. "How interesting, Mis' Hubbelthwait," says she.

"Oh, I mean Europe," says Mis' Hubbelthwait, cross. "Of course you can't descend from different continents. There's English—I've got that. And French -I've got that. I ain't got Russian—but nobody else has, either. And I-tahan is in me—I know that by my eyes. And folks that come from County Galway has Spanish —"

"Spain ain't ally," says Mis' Fire Chief Merriman, majestic. "It's neuter."

"Well, there's that much more credit —to be allies *and* neuter," says Mis' Hubbelthwait triumphant.

"Well, sir," says Mis' Holcomb-that-was-Mame Bliss. "I ain't got anything in me but sheer American—you can't beat that."

"How'd you manage that, Mame?" I ask her. "Kind of a trick, wasn't it?"

"I don't know what you mean," she says. And went right on over my head, like she does. "Ain't it nice, ladies," she says, "to be living in the very tiptop nation of this world?"

"Except of course England," says Mis' Jimmy Sturgis.

"Why except England?" snaps Mame Holcomb.

"Oh well, we all know England's the grandest nation," says Mis' Sturgis. "Don't the sun never set on her possessions? Don't she rule the wave? Ain't she got the largest city? And all like that?"

Mame looked mad.

"Well, I'm sure I don't know," she says. "But from the time I studied g'ography I always understood that no nation could touch us Americans."

"Why," says Mis' Sturgis, "I *love* America best. But I ain't never had any doubts that England that my folks come from was the most important country."

Mis' Holcomb made her mouth both tight and firm.

"Their gover'ment beats ours, I s'pose?" she says. "You know very well you can't beat our gover'ment."

Berta, Mis' Sykes's little Switzerland maid, spoke up.

"Oh," she says, "I guess Sweetzerland has got the nicest gover'ment. Everybody speaks so nice of that."

Mame looked over at me, behind Berta. But of course we wouldn't say a word to hurt the poor little thing's feelings.

Up spoke that new Mis' Antonio, whose husband has the fluff rug store.

"Of course," she says, "nothing has Rome but Italy."

We kep' still for a minute. Nobody could contradict that.

"I feel bad," said Mis' Antonio, "for the new countries—America, England –that have not so much old history in them. And no old sceneries."

Berta spoke up again. "Yes, but then who's got part of the Alps?" she wanted to know, kind of self-conscious

Mame Holcomb looked around, sort of puzzled.

"Rome used to be nice," she admitted, "and of course the Alps is high. But everybody knows they can't hold a candle to the United States, all in all."

After that we worked on without saying anything It seemed like pretty near everything had been said.

Pretty soon the girls had their part all done. And they stood up, looking like rainbows in their pretty furs and flowers.

"Miss Calliope," Ina Clare said to me, "come on with us to get some things for to-night."

"Go with you and get out of doing any more work?" says I, joyful. "Well, won't I!"

"But we are working," cried Ruth. "We've got oceans of things to collect."

"Well," says I, "come along. Sometimes I can't tell work from play and this is one of the times."

I thought that more than once while I went round with them in Ruth's big car late that afternoon. How do you tell work from play when both are the right kind? How do we know that some day play won't be only just the happiest kind of work, done joyful and together?

"I guess you're going to miss this kind of workmg when Red Cross stops," I said to them.

Ruth is tall and powerful and sure, and she drives as if it was only one of the things she knows about.

"Miss it?" she said. "We'll be *lost*—simply. What we're going to do I don't know."

"We've been some use in the world," said Clare, "and now we've got to go back to being nothing but happy."

"We'll have to play bridge five nights a week to keep from being bored to tears," says Irene—that is pretty, but she thinks with her scalp and no more.

Ruth, that's the prettiest of them all, she shook her head.

"We can't go back to that," she said. "At least, I *won't* go back to that. But what I'm going on to do I don't know."

What were they going on to do? That was what I kept wondering all the while we gathered up the finishing touches of what we wanted for the stage that night.

"Now the Greek flag," said Ruth finally. "Mis' Sykes said she thought we could get that at Mis' Poulaki's."

That was Achilles' ma, and none of us had ever met her We went in, real interested And there in the middle of the floor sat Mis' Poulaki

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE'S APPOINTMENT

THE appointment of Mr. White as one of the commissioners to meet the Russian representatives has disarranged the plan of contributions which we announced. However, we can promise in the next number an article from Mr. White entitled "The Doughboy Atop of the World"—a lovely, humorsome, understanding account of our soldiers in Germany. It is done with sympathy and a droll frankness, as to the state of mind of our boys and their actions. Nothing so interesting, fresh and penetrating on this subject has been sent from Europe. It reads like a story, and yet is full of information—just the things that you want to be told. It will appear in the June number

looking over a basket of cotton rags that the Red Cross had sent down by Achilles to old Mis' Herman.

"Oh," says little Mis' Poulaki. "You sent me such grand clothes for my rags. Thank you—thank you!"

She had tears in her eyes and there wasn't one of us would tell her Achilles had just plain stole 'em for her.

"It is everything," she said to us in her broken talk. "Achilles, he has two dollars each week from Mr. Sykes. But it is not enough. I have hard time. Hard."

Over the lamp shelf just then I saw the picture of a big, handsome man; and being kind of embarrassed, I asked who he was.

"Oh," says Mis' Poulaki, "he's Achilles' grandfather on the father side. He was officer of the Greek gover'ment," she added, proud. "Achilles remembers him. He taught Achilles a piece to speak—something all the Greek boys learn."

I told her I'd heard about that piece, and then we asked for the Greek flag, and Mis' Poulaki got it for us, but she said.

"Would you leave Achilles take it to the hall for you? He says he wanted to."

We said "yes," and got out as soon as possible—it seemed so sad, love of a country and stealing all mixed up promiscuous in one little boy.

Out by the car there were more than two dozen little kids hanging round examinng it. They were all going to be in the drill at the entertainment that night, and they all come running to Ruth that had trained them.

"Listen," she said to us, and then she held up her hand to them. "All say 'God bless you' in your own language."

They shouted it—a Bedlam, a Babylon. It seems there were about fourteen different nations of them, more or less, living around down there—it wasn't a neighborhood we'd known much about. They were cute little tikes, all of them; and I felt better about taking part in the performance, at my age, for the children were so cute nobody'd need to look at us.

"There in the middle of the floor sat Mis' Poulaki, looking over a basket of cotton rags"

Just as we got in the car, Achilles Poulaki came running home to his supper one of the kind of suppers, I suppose, that would be all right, what there was of it;

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"Achilles threw out his thin little chest, and says he: 'My grandfather was in the gover'ment,'"

and enough of it, such as it was. When he see us, his eyes got wide and dark and scared—it was terrible to see that look in that little boy's face, that had stole to help his mother. We told him about the Greek flag, and his face lit, and he said he'd bring it. But he stood there staring at us, when we drove away.

His look was haunting me still when I went into the Friendship Village Opera House that night for the Red Cross final entertainment. "The Feast of Nations," it was going to be, and us ladies had worked at it hard and long, and using recipes we were not accustomed to using.

There's many different kinds of excitement in this vale of tears, but for the sheer, top-notch variety give me the last few minutes before the curtain goes up on a home-talent entertainment in a little town. All the different kinds of anxiety, apprehension and amateur agony are there together, and gasping for utterance.

For instance, Mis' Fire Chief Merriman was booked to represent a Jugo-Slav. None of us ladies knew how it ought to be done, so we had fixed up kind of a neutral costume of red, white and blue that couldn't be so very far out of the way. But the last minute Mis' Merriman got nervous for fear there'd be a Jugo-Slav in the audience, and she balked out on going on, and it took all we could do to persuade her. And then the Balkans got nervous—we weren't any of us real clear about the Balkans. And we didn't know whether the Dolomites was states or mountains, so we left them out altogether. But we'd been bound the little nations were going to be represented whether anybody else was or not—and there we were, nations of Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, the Americas and the provinces, and somebody for every one of them. And for a curtain we'd sewed all the flags of every nation together because we were so sick and tired of the advertisements and the pink lady on the old Opera House curtain.

It's no part of my purpose, as the orators say, to tell about that Friendship Village "Feast of Nations" entire. It would take sheets. To tell of the mere mistakes and misadventures of that evening would be Arabian Nights long. Us ladies were the nations, and the young girls were

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the spirits—Liberty, Democracy, To-morrow, Humanity, Raw Materials, the High Seas, Disputed Territory, Commerce, Peace, and like that. There ought to have been one more, and she did come all dressed up and ready, in white with gold and silver on her, and then she sat flat down on a scaffold and she says:

"I *can* not do it. I *can* not pronounce me. I shall get," she says wild, "nothing said out loud but a whisper. And what *is* the use?"

We gathered round her, and we understood. None of us could pronounce her easy, especially when scared. She was Reciprocity.

"Make a sign," says somebody. "Make a sign with her name on it, and hold it over her head."

But that was no better, because nobody could spell her either, including her herself. So we give it up, and she went down in the audience and looked on.

"It's all right," says Mis' Sykes. "Nobody knows what it means, anyway."

"Yes," says I, "but think of the work her mother's put on her dress."

And we all knew what that meant, anyway, and we felt bad, and thought mebbe the word would be more in use by the next show we give, if any.

About in the middle of the programme—just after Commerce and Raw Materials and Disputed Territory had tried to raise a row and had got held in place by Humanity, Mis' Sykes come to me between scenes. She was Columbia, of course, and she was dressed in the American flag, and she carried an armful of all the other flags. We'd had all we could do to keep her from wearing a crown—she'd been bound and determined to wear a crown, though we explained to her that crowns was going out of fashion and getting to be very little worn.

"But they're so regal!" she had kept saying, grieving.

"Crowns are all right," we had agreed with her, "it's the regal part we object to. Not on Columbia, you don't put no crown!"

And we made her wear a wreath of stars. But the wreath was near over one eye when she come to me there, between acts.

"Kiily Poulaki," she says, "stole that whole basketful of stuff we sent down to old Mis' Herman by him. Mis' Herman found it out."

"For his ma, though," I says, pitiful.

"Ma or no ma, stole is stole," says Mis' Sykes. "We're going to make an example of him."

And I thought: "First we starve Achilles on two dollars a week, and then when he steals for his ma, we make an example of him. Ain't there nothing else. . . ."

There wasn't time to figure it out, because the flag curtain was parting on the children—the children that come capering on to do their drill, all proud and pleased and important. They didn't represent anything only themselves—the children of all the world. And Ruth Holcomb stood up to drill them, and she was the *Spirit of To-morrow*.

You know how they looked—how all children look when you give them something like that to do. Dear and small and themselves, so that you swallow your whole throat while you watch. Because they *are* To-morrow and they want life to be nice, and they think it's going to be—but we haven't got it fixed up quite right for them yet. We're late.

The curtains had parted on the empty stage, and *To-morrow* had stepped out alone and given a short, sharp word. And all over the house, where they were sitting with their families, they hopped up, boys and girls, and flashed into the aisles. And then the orchestra started them, and they began to sing and march to the stage, and went through what Ruth had taught them.

Nothing military. Nothing with swords or anything of that. But instead, a little singing dance as they came to meet *To-morrow*. And she gave them a star, a bird, a flower, a little pretend animal, a lyre, a green branch, a seed, and she told them to go out and make the world more beautiful and glad. They were willing! That was something they knew about already. They lined up at the footlights and held out their gifts to the audience. And it made it by far the more wonderful that we knew the children had really come from so many different nations, every one with its good gift to give to the world.

As they stood there, young and fine and ready, Ruth—that was *To-morrow*—said:

"Now!"

They begun speaking together, clear and distinct and sweet. My heart did more things to my throat while I looked at them.

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Somebody punched at me violent.

"Ain't it magnificent to hear 'em say it?" says Mis' Sykes. "Ain't it truly magnificent?"

But I was looking at Achilles and thinking of her being willing to make an example of him instead of helping him, and thinking, too, of his two dollars a week.

YOU SURELY NOTICED

THE cover of this issue of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE? *Isn't it full of care-free joyousness and the energy of childhood and spring? Don't you think F. Luis Mora, the artist, has caught the feeling of reality? Have you looked at the illustrations in the Magazine by Franklin Booth, Willy Pogany, Thomas Fogarty, and the rest?*

Next month, Willy Pogany's cover will be a colorful and charming conception of the golden out-of-doors; Angus MacDonnell has dipped his brush into the rare emotions of the soldier-father come home to his never-seen first-born; Joseph Clement Coll has uniquely illustrated a curious story of Chinese life in New York; and Maginel Wright Enright, will again contribute to the beauty of the Magazine with pictures of childhood.

The spirits of those Americans who fell on foreign soil march with their companions in that triumphal parade up Fifth Avenue. They are "The Invisible Army," illustrated by Sidney R. Riesenberg, who has performed such notable work for the Government. And there will be original illustrations by Lejaren Hiller as well as by many others.

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"It is if it is," says I, cryptic.

To-morrow was speaking again.

"Those of you whose fathers come from Europe, hold up your hands."

Up shot maybe twenty hands—scraggy and plump, and Achilles' little thin arm in the first row among them.

And at the same minute, out come us ladies, marching from the wings—all those of us that represented the different countries of the world; and we formed back of the children, and the stage was full of the nations of Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, the Americas, the islands and all.

And *To-morrow* asked:

"What is it that your fathers have sworn to, so that you now all belong to one nation?"

Then we all said it with the children—waveringly at first, swelling, mounting to full chorus, the little bodies of the children waving from side to side as we all recited it:

"I absolutely and entirely renounce and adjure all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state or sovereignty, and particularly to——"

Here was a blur of sound as all the children named the ruler of the state from which their fathers had come.

"——of whom I have heretofore been subject . . . that I will support and defend the constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign or domestic, and bear true faith and allegiance to the same, so help me God. . . ."

BEFORE they had finished, I begun to notice something. I stood on the end, and Achilles was just near me. He had looked up and smiled at me, and at his Greek flag that I was carrying. But now, while the children recited together, Achilles stood there with them saying not one word. And then, when the names of the rulers all blurred together, Achilles scared me, for he put up the back of his hand as if to rub tears from his eyes. And when they all stopped speaking, only his sobbing broke the stillness of the hall.

I don't know how it came to me, saw that things do come in shafts of light and splendor that no one can name; but in that second I knew what ailed him. Maybe I knew because I remembered the picture of his grandfather on the wall over the lamp shelf. Anyway, the big pang came to me to speak out, like it does sometimes, when you have to say what's in you or die.

"*To-morrow!*" I cried out to Ruth, and I was glad she had her back to the audience so they couldn't see how scared she looked at me speaking what wasn't in my part. "*To-morrow!* I am Greece! I ask that this little Greek boy here say the words that his Greek grandfather taught him!"

Ruth looked at Achilles and nodded, and I saw his face brighten all of a sudden through his tears; and I knew he was going to speak it, right out of his heart.

Achilles began to speak, indistinct at first, then getting clearer, and at last his voice went over the hall loud and strong and like he meant it:

"'We will never bring disgrace to this our city by any act of dishonor or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks. We will revere and obey the city's laws, and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul them or set them at naught. We will strive unceasingly to quicken the public sense of civic duty. Thus in all these ways, we will transmit this city not less but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us.'"

IT WAS the Athenian boy's creed of citizenship, that Achilles' father had learned in Greece, and that Achilles' grandfather, that officer in the Greek government, had taught to them both.

The whole hall cheered him—how could they help that? And right out of the fullness of the lump in my throat, I spoke out again. And I says:

"*To-morrow! To-morrow!* You're going to give us a world, please God, where we can be true to our own nation and true to all others, for we shall all belong to the League of the World."

Oh, and they cheered that! They knew—they knew! Just like every hamlet and cross-roads in this country and in this world is getting to know—that a great new idea is waiting, with its heart near ours, for us to catch the throb of its new life. To-morrow, the League of Nations is going to teach us how to be alive. If only we can make it come right!

Right then come beating out the first chords of the piece we were to close with. And as it was played, they brought out the great world flag that us ladies had made from the design that we had thought up and made ourselves: A white world and white stars on a blue field.

It floated over the heads of all of us that were dressed as the nations of the earth, and not one of us ladies was trying to tell which was the best one, like we had that afternoon; and that flag floated over the children, and over *To-morrow* and *Democracy* and *Liberty* and *Humanity* and *Peace* and like that. And then we sang, and the hall sang with us:

> 'The crest and crowning of all good,
> Life's common goal is brotherhood."

And when the curtains swept together—the curtains made of everybody's flags—I tell you, it left us all feeling like we ain't felt in I don't know when.

WITHIN about a minute afterward Ruth and Ina and Irene were around me.

"Miss Calliope," they said, "the Red Cross isn't going to stop."

"No?" I said.

"We're going to start in with these foreign-born boys and girls——" Ina said.

"We're going to teach them all the things *To-morrow* was pretending to teach them," Ruth said.

"And we're going to learn a thing or two they can teach us," I says, "beginning with Achilles."

They knew what I meant, and they nodded.

And the flag of the white world and white stars on a blue field was all ready-made to lead us—a kind of a picture of God's universe.

ORLANDO FURIOSO

By George Madden Martin

Illustrated by Hawthorne Howland

ROSA MELLINO was eleven but looked nine. On her capable little head and surmounting her steady little face she wore an adult's hat which, while cheerful in its variety of lively-hued ribbons and flowers, must, but for her ears, have slipped down and extinguished her.

The Red Cross Home Service visitor, who had been detailed to go with her, hurried her out of the round floor entrance of the Fourth Avenue building housing the Home Service organization, and into an emergency motor-corps car at the curb. If Rosa Mellino was in any wise overwhelmed by the swift and comprehensive response to the appeal preferred by her twenty minutes since at the receiving desk upstairs, a response culminating in this bundling of herself and the Home Service visitor into the now fast-moving motor car, her small face, framed in plaits glossy as a blackbird's wing, did not betray her.

The visitor, sitting beside Rosa and armed with very authoritative provision for the call just assigned to her as urgent and immediate, felt she now had time, while the car bore the two of them swiftly southward along Fourth Avenue, to take from her pocket the folded paper relating to the case and re-inform herself as to its contents.

DEAR LADYS,

Mrs. Orlando would feel oblige if you would give me some help as I am in trouble.

Mrs. Orlando's doctor was to see her and he says the Orlando bambino is expected here direckt this afternoon. I have receve all the letters from my husband but I have not receve any money. My husband is over ther in France. I have not a cent in the house. I have no one to turn to.

MRS. ORLANDO.

The Home Service visitor, folding the letter, turned to Rosa on the seat beside her in her plaid dress, green sweater, and obviously best, if overlarge, hat.

"Mrs. Orlando wrote this note and got you to bring it to the Home Service office?"

"Rosa Mellino was eleven but looked nine. On her capable head she wore an adult's hat"

Rosa showed very nice teeth, shrugged her shoulders and shook her head.

"Mrs. Orlando spiks English, that is she spiks it a little but she can't write it. The landlord can't dispossess her for three months because the law says so when the husband is gone to be a soldier. This morning it is five months and he sent to have it done."

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"But who wrote the note?"

"I did."

"Is a bambino expected at Mrs. Orlando's this afternoon?"

Overtaken in her sin, Rosa Mellino showed conviction but no repentance in the negative but resolute shake of her plaits and her head.

"Why did you say so in this note in my hand?"

She answered sagely, "You would come quick if I said a bambino was on the way. At three o'clock the landlord dispossesses Mrs. Orlando."

"Are you a neighbor of Mrs. Orlando?"

"I am her next-door, on the same floor, she has two rooms an' we have three. I keep my father's house. I have two brothers and a sister smaller. I go to school, to the public school at the corner near me. My teacher gave it out that the families of soldiers in trouble should go or should write to you. I told Mrs. Orlando and she said I write what I please so she don't be dispossess at three o'clock."

"You say you keep house for your father? Does he know you came this morning? What does your father do?"

Rosa Mellino, in her proud answer to all of this, almost measured up to her hat.

"My father is Joe Mellino; he keeps a fruit and confectionery stand at the corner of our street. Joe Mellino makes good money. I am the little mother and I do what I think best. Joe Mellino reads and writes and spiks good English; he come to this country when he was a little fella; he never learn to read and write Italian."

A hurried passage in the car between the lines of push-carts at their noon-hour business in Mott Street, a careful piloting along narrower and even more crowded Hester, and the car stopped on Grand Street, Rosa Mellino leading the way up four flights of stairs above a fish shop and into the Orlando flat on the top floor.

A figure in a chair beside a stove looked up. If the bambino of young Mrs. Orlando was not to arrive *directi* this afternoon, it must have signalled from the bambino heaven that its pormanteau was packed and itself due to start in the near future. Rosa Mellino's sin of prevarication was not so black as it had appeared.

Mrs. Orlando, her great dark eyes lifted to her visitors, was young and pretty very pretty in fact with brilliant color and quite blue-black hair. The Home Service visitor adjudged the over-brilliant color unnatural, indicating a too high temperature.

The call was being paid in the kitchen, the hostess sitting beside the stove, true, but a stove with no fire in it and the room cold The door ajar into the next room showed that to be practically bare.

Responding to her callers listlessly and replying in monosyllables at the start, young Mrs. Orlando admitted that such furnishings as were in sight were all she had, consisting as these did of a bed, the stove, some dishes, two chairs and a *phonograph!*

She aroused a little under the continued questions and in very poor English explained that the phonograph was paid for. She and her husband had been furnishing their home of two rooms on the installment plan, and when her husband went —he was drafted, so she said— she was unable to continue payments and the rest of the furniture was taken.

Questioned further she motioned wearily to Rosa Mellino, that alert and ready small person standing by, and let her reply. One could but hope that her statements were reliable.

"Girolamo Orlando," said Rosa briskly, "had a job along with the rest of his friends on the subway being built up town, and made $20 a week. He had been in this country eight years, and had taken out what you call his papers and was a voter. Three years ago he went back to Genoa where his people live? 'count of the war he worked his way as a sailor, married Mrs. Orlando and brought her back. He had troubles— oh! he had much of trouble bringing her but, as you see, he did bring her, for isn't she here?"

Rosa Mellino, looking across at Mrs. Orlando by her stove, here shook her small head.

"I go to the public

FARM-BRED

By Richard Butler Glaenzer

TO BID this run-down farm good-bye
Suddenly boosted up my grit,
Made me ashamed to part with it,
Though I had called the place a sty.

For, thinking on those city towers
That snap their fingers at the wind,
I'd felt as mighty, and had grinned
At lowly things like brooks and flowers.

But, as I grinned, a mocking-bird
Made pools of music in the air,
And melted that which did not care
For field and plow and barn and herd.

Funny to learn I loved this "hole"
And that the things I cursed were friends:
Maybe the thought of dodging fiends
A man a new and working soul.

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school and I ondrastand about the draft and why Girolamo Orlando and the rest had togo. Mrs. Orlando never ondrastand. I cannot make her ondrastand. The day he went, with his flag over his shoulder, marching with the rest of his friends to the Pennsylvania Station, she threw herself on the floor and beat her head. She cannot ondrastand right now where Girolamo Orlando is, or why he don't come to see her, or why he didn't take her with him. She has no sense in her mind of the many places on a map, she never studied geography like I study it at my school, and thinks it is all Italy or all New York. When Girolamo Orlando went, all I could make her ondrastand was that he would write to her and that he had said she must write every week to him."

Mrs. Orlando looked up.

"I writ'a da evra week seence he go; he nevva gat wan letter I writ'a."

"You have received letters from him?"

A tremulous quiver passed over her, the utter desolation of despair, it would seem, sweeping her. Nodding an affirmative answer to this question, she arose and going into the next room came back with a handful of letters.

Rosa Mellino here, taking the situation in hand again, selected a letter from the handful in Mrs. Orlando's keeping and passed it to the visitor.

"It is Girolamo Orlando's last letter, and it came yesterday to Joe Mellino, my father. We did not know until then he did not get the letters from Mrs. Orlando. It is in English, so I choose it for you. Girolamo Orlando knows my father only can read in English."

"I hear no word. I do not slepe. I do not eat. I think I go mad"

The letter read aloud by the Home Service visitor started abruptly:

"Joe Mellino, I want to know som information of you. I get no letter not once since I leve my home and my wife. That is seven months. I write every week. Is she got another fella now, or is she dead? I see to it before I left that she gets the money every month, $30. I hear no word. I do not slepe. I do not eat. I think I go mad."

Young Mrs. Orlando, rich-hued flower from a kindlier soil, spoke passionately.

She never said so to us.

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"Mrs. Orlando spiks English . . . but she can't write it . . . She said I write what I please so she don't be dispossess"

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"Me, I am' go mad. Ev'ra time he writa dat he nevva hear, I writa queeck to tella heem dat I write alla time an' he nevva gat da lettera. I writa heem to-day while Rosa Mellino go getta he'p for me. I gotta no stamp to send eet to heem."

Mrs. Orlando, rising again, went to a shelf behind the stove this time and coming back, handed the visitor a slip of paper and a letter.

The slip of paper bore the words, written in the same hand that had penned the letter to Joe Mellino,

Private Girolamo Orlando,
Co. H, Blank Infantry,
Camp Sevier, N. C.

She was explaining: "I takka da pen, ev'ra week I takka da pen, I write no English, but I folla da lines on da pappa like he ees write it dere. I no minda w'at it means but I folla eet like eet ees on da pappa bayfore me."

Nor could any one, not the most adept of postal officials, without the clue know what the directions on the envelope meant as copied by Mrs. Orlando's unskilful and uncomprehending pen.

The Home Service visitor was noting another thing.

"The directions given you by your husband say Camp Sevier, Mrs. Orlando. Isn't your husband in France?"

Rosa Mellino spoke up boldly,

"No."

"Why did you say in your note to the Home Service office that he was?"

"So you would feel the greater sorry for Mrs. Orlando and come quick before she was dispossessed. It is one o'clock now and they come at three to put her out."

"Mrs. Orlando, your husband says here in his letter to Joe Mellino that $30 should come to you every month?"

"I getta no money seence da feefty dolla he geeve me w'en he went away."

"Nothing has come to you, no paper, no notification perhaps of a mistake or trouble in your husband's assignment papers?"

"Si, yaas, pappas come, moocha leetle pappas."

"Where are they? What have you done with them?"

Mrs. Orlando looked proud, even animated, and for the first time in even remote degree, happy.

"I minda w'at my husband tella me. He have mooch beeziness, he verra proud he have beeziness. He baylong to Italian sassietees, he keep up hees insurance in two sassietees for me and for hees madre an' hees padre een Genoa. Wan day he take me uppa town to da beeg building, he take me een an' he show me da verra safe box. He verra proud he theenk to get deese box while he gone. He tella me I go an' show da key he geeve me an' they take me to da box. I go there ev'ra time seence an' putta away safe for my husband ev'ra pappa w'at coomes seence he gone."

JEALOUS OF THE SERVICE FLAG!

MRS. THOM KIM is bitterly envious of wee Mrs. Hip Tong, who has a son to make her proud of his uniform. A plot and a counter-plot—and wise Miss Toy helps them both. George Madden Martin has written for the June number a story alive and breathing with the quaint differences of the flowery kingdom transplanted to the streets of New York.

"A Chinese Triangle" as the tale is called, is full of the delightful and sage adages of the Far East. But there's never a doubt that the East and West meet, and will always meet, on at least one common basis—mother love.

PERHAPS the portmanteau in bambino land was packed for an earlier journeying than Mrs. Orlando and the Home Service visitor understood. Or perhaps good St. Peter at his gate, setting down marks in his great tome for the lies, white or black, told by little girls such as Rosa Mellino, speeded up a certain bambino's journeying to earth, thus to evade the entering of a black mark due the name of Mellino. Or possibly it was that grief, woe, the letter from Girolamo Orlando to Joe Mellino, and the imminence of dispossession, not altogether unnaturally were too much for the young wife.

That evening about dusk, Mrs. Orlando was rushed to the maternity ward of the Red Cross Medical Station on 15th Street, and before midnight Maria Giulia Orlando had arrived in the world. Visibly much fussed from the over-hurry, and not a little indignant, for after all the effort and bother of the packing, and without one stitch in the world having been made against her coming by the penniless and woe-stricken young mother Maria Giulia Orlando had neglected to fetch along the portmanteau.

At 12:30 that night a night letter, record-breaking and scandalous as to length and detail, went from the Red Cross Medical Station in the name of the Home Service to Private Girolamo Orlando, Camp Sevier, the address most painstakingly provided. This night letter was accompanied by a second, also in the name of the Home Service, asking for a furlough for Private Girolamo Orlando.

The day following the Home Service visitor broke a piece of news to Mrs. Orlando, lovely in her dark young beauty against the pillow, the finger of the visitor the while inserted in the speckled scarlet fist of Maria Giulia Orlando, lying beside her mother still fussed and indignant.

"In your bank uptown, Mrs. Orlando, is $210 belonging to you, represented by the bits of paper you so faithfully put away for your husband. I asked you for your key that Joe Mellino and I and an official of the bank might see. We will not worry about these bits of paper now; you and little Maria Giulia are safe and protected and comfortable here, and we will let the checks stay where they are until Private Girolamo Orlando himself arrives to-morrow—bright and early to-morrow—to cash them for you and her."

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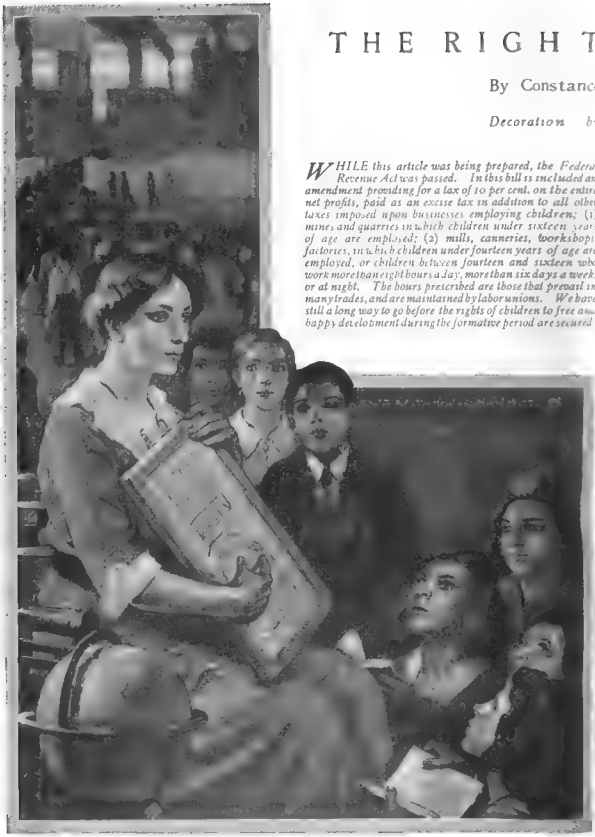
THE RIGHT T

By Constance

Decoration by

WHILE this article was being prepared, the Federal Revenue Act was passed. In this bill is included an amendment providing for a tax of 10 per cent. on the entire net profits, paid as an excise tax in addition to all other taxes imposed upon businesses employing children; (1) mines and quarries in which children under sixteen years of age are employed; (2) mills, canneries, workshops, factories, in which children under fourteen years of age are employed, or children between fourteen and sixteen who work more than eight hours a day, more than six days a week, or at night. The hours prescribed are those that prevail in many trades, and are maintained by labor unions. We have still a long way to go before the rights of children to free and happy development during the formative period are secured



"A long line of young wage earners, a few of the thousands of children that pour yearly into the shops and factories"

TO YOUTH

Wagoner

Charles A. Winter

IN OLD Greece they held "torch races," in which the prize was awarded, not to the youth who crossed the line first, but to him who crossed the line with his torch still burning. . . .

We are at the gateway of a great factory on a chill, gray morning in December. The whistles have already sounded their wailing summons to the workers who are beginning to struggle through the gates, singly and in groups, hastening their steps as the entrance is gained, to reach the line that is waiting to punch the time-clock. A long line, a motley line—young girls with thin faces and childish eyes, with their school-girl braids hidden under tilted hats; young girls with madonna faces, who will work all day at electric power machines; girls with slouchy figures and indifferent stares. And boys, too—boys in whose voices the child-treble still breaks occasionally, boys with mischievous eyes and quick gestures, young boys with beardless faces, waiting in the gray winter morning to punch the factory time-clock that so carefully measures the labor of their hands—a long line of young wage earners, a few of the thousand of children that pour yearly into the shops and factories, undeveloped physically, unfortified morally, and, above all, uneducated, unschooled.

Never before in all the ages has the quality of the world's citizenry provided so important a problem for the thought of the wise men. To provide better citizens for a better world, to give the people the means which will enable them to make of life a greater thing, to lead them in the way of a magnificent research, whereby they will discover unknown possibilities, unknown qualities. Drained by the war of the flower of its youth, the world looks anxiously to that young army coming up through the years of childhood and adolescence to fill the places of those that have gone. Are those children ready? Will they be ready?

That the value of learning is occupying ever-greater attention in the public mind is demonstrated in the establishment of the army schools for the American Expeditionary Force in France, affording the American soldier opportunity to pursue academic and vocational studies in the field. Twenty-one universities in France and England have been thrown open to American youth in khaki abroad. Is the child at home, the soldier of the future, less than the American fighter in France?

The United States Government has not thought so. The passage of the Federal Vocational Act, in February, 1917, provides for the establishment of what are known as "part-time or continuation schools," for the extension of the schooling of those children between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years engaged in gainful occupation. Education is the buckler of civilization, the indispensable equipment of every freeman. If social or economic conditions have forced the child out of school into the mills and marts of commerce, then by all means bring the school to the child. Why should the child so placed be compelled to forego all claim to the advantages of schooling and further educational development? The child, in most instances, is a victim of circumstances. He is the state's heritage and it therefore becomes the duty of the state to protect and fortify its young heirs who will conduct its business of the future. This is what the United States Government has thought in regard to its coming citizens.

Through the influence and training afforded by the continuation schools, the child compelled to work is enabled to face life with the added advantage of completed schooling, rather than an inadequate education that has dwindled to loose and unfinished ends. Another mountain goes to Mohammed.

A few figures will present the problem even more vividly. Of the two million children arriving annually at the age of fourteen, one half leaves school, fourteen being the minimum working age. Within the next four years, the plot of the curve goes still higher. Of the remaining million, two-thirds leave the schoolroom for the work-bench before they are seventeen; and within the two following years, three-fourths of those still left have gone forth "to market their birthright for the world's mess of pottage"—a long procession of children, with tired little faces and wide eyes, a long stream of questioning little children, pouring millward, cityward. Untrained feet, starting out over an unknown highway, untried hearts, new to the great game of "give and take"—high bidders in the market of Experience.

Appalling in number as this army of child workers was in the United States, prior to 1917, the advent of the war added to its recruits. There were alluring war jobs with fancy salaries, coupled with the patriotism and romance of "doing one's bit." Thousands of children went into war work although, as a general rule, it afforded no training and little prospect of permanent future employment. Children, and above all the parents of children, have failed to realize the low value of the untrained worker in to-day's scheme of things.

When the child at the age of fourteen, in the 6th, 7th, or 8th grade of the public grammar school as his particular mental aptitude may have placed him, forsakes his books for "gainful" employment, he automatically slams the door of progress in his own face. He comes to a stand-still in a vital phase of his progression. His "light goes out."

It is this condition that the continuation school seeks to remedy, and it has a wide and inviting field in which to work. It serves to insure the child progressive, foundational education and enables him to go to work and thus contribute to the family purse, and "keep his torch still burning." The school can keep this beacon alight and well trimmed, during the period covering the great and important—in the bearing they have on the future—years of a child's life, when mentality and personality are still plastic, responsive to

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Of the 2,000,000 children annually becoming fourteen one-half go from school to work

Most of the pupils at continuation schools in New York are of foreign parentage

what little aptitude they possessed for mental concentration. For this reason, books are eliminated in so far as it is possible, and there is a delicate psychology that enters into this teaching, this leading of young, and for the most part, interested and eager minds into broader pathways. It is to make them want to go to school, to make school enjoyable. In this the continuation schools, in so far as they have been established, have not failed.

There is Mamie, who sorts pickles in a large Pittsburgh factory, *chic* from her pink and ambitious hair-bow to her high-heeled gray suède shoes. She is bending over a concoction of straw and ribbon that bears faint promise of a hat, and there is a frown between her blue eyes as she steadily passes the long threaded needle in and out.

"Are you going to be a milliner, Mamie?" she was asked.

"No, ma'am, I guess not."

"Then what are you working so hard for? Why are you making a hat? Why don't you . . ."

Mamie looked up quickly. The frown had vanished and her hyacinth-blue eyes smiled.

"Gosh, I'm stuck on the teacher. You couldn't pry me loose from her!"

There is this personal side. The continuation school must deal with the individual. We feel that the hat that Mamie makes, with unmistakable inspiration in her eyes, will be no sad affair.

And there is Rosa, with the songs of Italy on her lips

influence, acquiescent to suggestion, be it for good or evil, profit or loss. In short, to exercise a controlling and beneficial influence over the child, until he is old enough to form his own judgments, is the ideal for which the continuation school strives, assuring a type of instruction that will increase the child's efficiency as a worker and his value as a citizen. It is a great business, this guiding of the footsteps of the young, a work of the heart as well as of the head, two factors that usually work amicably together in the beautiful and worthwhile things in life.

Ordinary observation demonstrates that it is one thing to take a boy out of school and quite another to put him in again, satisfied and willing to study. The student workers who enter the continuation schools are no exception. Most of them have always treasured an aversion to study; many more have long since lost

and eyes like two brightly dark stars. Rosa is an exceedingly busy young person. Her small round figure moves from chair to chair, carefully examining the work of the sewer at each place, pointing out mistakes with her short, brown, knowing finger. Rosa seems to know a thing or two.

"What work do you do, Rosa?"

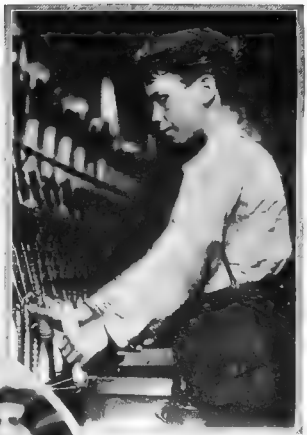
"Oh, I sew. Make vests, gen'lmen's vests—it's easy."

"Then you know all about sewing. Why don't you try something else, here?"

"Oh, I like to be the forelady!" and Rosa's white even teeth flashed in her smile as she passed to the next chair.

Can we appreciate the effect of work like this on girls whose every-day occupation is little above drudgery? Can we, too, feel the glow in the soul of Rosa, as she plays forelady?

Classes in personal hygiene produce a profound impression. Clean teeth, clean hands, clean nails, clean hair—all of these are part of the lessons, part



A child worker in a mill, undeveloped physically and uneducated and unschooled

Young boys waiting in the gray winter morning to punch the factory time card

of the way to new happiness, new pride, new self-assurance.

The continuation schools are not an outgrowth of the demands of war, as might at first be supposed. The Federal Vocational Act was passed and put in force before the declaration of war, but it is patent that the need of such training schools is more urgent than ever before. Nor is it a particularly new idea, although it has been long in reaching an organized basis. Some of the state laws provided for the continued schooling of employed children, before the passage of the Act. That the need of additional training among young workers was felt is demonstrated in the various privately conducted schools in existence prior to federal action. Many far-sighted employers, seeing therein mutual advantage, organized training classes, either in the evening or during the working day for their employees, thereby increasing the value of the investment made in the worker's time, and the value of the worker, to the employer, to the community, to himself. Schools of salesmanship and general vocational training fitting special lines of industry, conducted on a private basis, are common. Down in Gainsville, Ga., there is a cotton mill with its private vocational school that existed long before the legislation of February, 1917.

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The Federal Vocational Act provides for the subsidizing of the states for the purpose of establishing continuation or part-time schools for the instruction of the employed child. The law provides a proportionate sum to each state, the states to provide a like sum to cover the gross expense. In default of this, the federal moneys revert to the United States Treasury. Unfortunately, continuation or part-time schools are not yet compulsory in every state. There are nine states in which attendance in the continuation schools has been made optional or wholly compulsory. These are: New York, Massachusets, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey.

The general educational school endeavors to provide an educational foundation upon which to build a superstructure of vocational training. There are several determining factors that enter into the establishment of the continuation, vocational programme: the proportion of part-time instruction needed, the character of the work, which must have a decided civic leaning without deviating from vocational lines, and the safeguarding of the pupil from hasty and inefficient instruction, for his receptive period is brief.

After a hard day's work—mill hands in Alabama starting toward home

The name "part-time school" is given to any school conducted for a limited number of hours during the regular working day. When the object of the school is to complete general education, it is designated as a part-time continuation school; when its purpose is to increase the skill and intelligence in a vocation other than that in which the pupils are employed, it is a part-time trade preparatory school; and when it provides training that is strictly supplementary and related to the employment of its pupils, it is a part-time trade extension school.

In 1911, Wisconsin passed a law making it compulsory for all employed children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen to attend a part-time school one half day a week. The law further specifies that when twenty-five persons, qualified to attend such instruction, shall file a petition for such a school, the local board must establish one, the course to be under the approval of the State Superintendent of Education. The Bray Act of 1917 increased the age limit to seventeen years, so that now all children in Wisconsin between the ages of fourteen and seventeen must either attend an all-day school or else be regularly employed and in attendance at a continuation school for eight hours a week, eight months of the year

Under the present law, pupils must devote one-half their time to practical work and half to related subjects and training in citizenship. Only indentured apprentices and work-permit pupils may be excused from the schools to accept permanent, full-time employment.

Coming east, there is Pennsylvania, with its forest of smokestacks, its mines and its textiles mills, its furnaces and its quarries, all buying the energy of thousands of young hands. Pennsylvania did not wait for federal action. In 1915, the Cox Child Labor Act established continuation schools for the "extension of general education and the promotion of vocational and civic intelligence." The school session is the same number of weeks as that of the common school and pupils may attend eight hours for one day per week, four hours twice a week, or two hours four times a week, as best suits their convenience.

Reports for 1916, when conditions were fairly normal, show 36,000 pupils attending part-time continuation schools in Pennsylvania. There are 300 teachers' training centres. The city of Pittsburgh maintains a well-equipped central school with five branch schools. The school conducted in the Sarah Heinz Settlement has been very successful among the girls employed in the Heinz factories.

Massachusetts, in wording her law, avoids state compulsion and leaves it in the hands of the local school boards. Up to the present time, Boston is the only city in the Bay State that has adopted compulsory continuation school attendance.

New York, that city of wide contrasts, of rags and velvet, is confronted by the mass of young workers living "south of 59th Street and east of 5th Avenue." Here the continuation schools present an interesting field in the light of the Americanization of children born of foreign parents and living in a foreign colony, that might as well be a bit of old Italy or of ancient Judea as part of the world's greatest metropolis.

Under the New York state law, compulsory at-

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tendance is exacted of employed children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen in evening schools, providing for six hours a week for sixteen weeks, for those children who have not completed the courses in the elementary schools. Further, such children living in communities or cities where continuation or part-time schools have been established are required to undergo instruction for thirty-six weeks a year, for not less than four or more than eight hours a week, during the regular working day.

Each child completing any single course in the schools receives a diploma.

It is interesting to note the varying degrees of compulsion included in the various state laws. Indiana and Ohio have followed Massachusetts and the Empire State in making part-time schooling permissible but not compulsory upon the local boards and, like Wisconsin, have compelled attendance within the designated age limits. Pennsylvania alone has real compulsion, both school and attendance being arbitrarily required in districts where twenty eligible students reside.

Let us step into a classroom and see the pupils at work. The late afternoon sunlight falls aslant the desks; through the open windows comes the breath of spring, bringing the scent of growing things. It is a day when the outdoors beckons, but there are few inattentive eyes in the rows fixed on the map that is showing them the location of the main freight lines of the state, that carry the products, in whose manufacture they have a fundamental part, to the consumer.

To look at those earnest eyes, those eager, beardless faces, is to know that the continuation schools are not in vain, but are a decided acquisition to the state's educational machinery. There is interest in every attitude. They are learning that there is something worth while beyond the small routine of their lives, something vital, something great and well worth knowing. Life does not begin and end with the blowing of the factory whistles.

Many there are among these youthful student workers—or shall we call them worker-students, where work and study are so amicably dovetailed?—who realize the good in the continuation schools, many in whom latent ambition is stirring, induced by just such careful instruction as this, ambition that may lead the individual far afield to greater glory than he ever dreamed. He has been given a chance. Seizing that chance, he will realize his own possibilities, along with his limitations and the possibilities of his work. Out of these he will build his life.

"That no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education," the continuation schools have come to be a part of our Governmental equipment in the general working out of the scheme that tends toward the betterment and simplification of living, supplementing the good that we have with a carefully planned system of work and making a wide lane of appeal for the working child. Thus does the enlisted army of the nation mobilize against the common foe: ignorance. The runner crosses the line "with his torch still brightly burning"!

T O Y S

By Emily Frances Robbins

IT MUST be a scene painted in my memory by the tales of my mother, for it was long before my happy infant mind bothered itself with remembering.

It is the same familiar room again, where we lived and ate, and worked—there at one side the open door of my mother's bedroom and, opposite, the door of the room where my grandfather slept. All day long in the big sunny room I played with my toy. A small red cart has come into the interest of my little mind, just a foolish thing but it excites my tiny intellect. I have dragged it and dragged it, my plastic fancy seating me in state behind, or just as willingly making me the happy beast in front. Only a little toy, but my heart has made its wood and paint into an endless story book, a chariot that takes me off to fairy land. Finally my grandfather's big hands lift me from the floor and fold me in his comfortable lap and, swaying in his old rocking chair, I am drugged to sleep by his kindly voice and am carried to the open room beyond and tucked into bed.

But while I am lying there, the moon rises over the dark trees and moonbeams dance in at my window, drawing me awake. And by some irresistible attraction I go again to play in the moonlight, seeking my little cart in the corner.

My mother calls me, coaxing me back to bed, and then my grandfather's voice speaks to me from the other room. Reluctantly I heed their loving will, and leave my toy.

Toys, love, moonbeams, and that familiar room—long years ago! Where are my toys to-day? Where is that gift of mind that might transform the homely work into that dear passion of concern that toys awake? Where is that quality of heart to change the humble aspects of a daily task into an endless story book, molding harmony with the romance and mystery of moonbeams?

What have I lost! Simply a fancy would do it all, would make the long drear task a magic toy!

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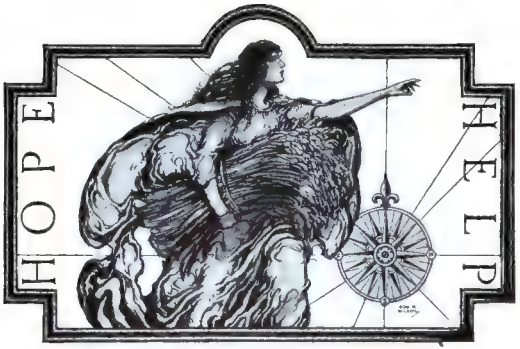

THE MARCH OF THE RED CROSS

THE peace-time scope of the Red Cross is gradually taking definite shape. That it will be needed to meet the crisis of every-day living, even after completing its multiple tasks of cleaning up after the war, is clear to all socially minded people. Plans are now being laid to bring Red Cross organization and work to the highest possible development in all nations. The International Red Cross Committee has invited all the Red Cross societies to meet at Geneva, thirty days after the declaration of peace. The Red Cross societies of the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan requested this action. Their representatives constitute a committee to formulate and propose to the convention a programme of Red Cross activities in the interests of humanity. Henry P. Davison, former head of the American Red Cross War Council, was made chairman of this committee, of which the headquarters is at Cannes.

It will be proposed at the convention that the various Red Cross societies promote the study of human disease, public health and sanitation, the welfare of children and mothers, the training of nurses, the care and prevention of chronic and infective diseases, including tuberculosis, malaria, and venereal disease, and that they develop the machinery to provide relief in such emergencies as fire, famine, or pestilence. The committee of Red Cross societies invited world experts in these lines to help them formulate definite plans to submit to the convention.

The establishment of a permanent working organization at Geneva will also be proposed. This would act as a clearing-house for Red Cross developments all over the world.

New activities undertaken in various countries would be studied at Geneva, and information and expert advice concerning them transmitted to other societies. The central organization would also propose new lines of work and stimulate development in each country as opportunity arose.

The peace leaders of the American Red Cross came into office on March 1st. The executive functions of the War Council revert to the Central Committee, which comprises the following members:

Dr. Livingston Farrand, chairman Willoughby Walling, vice-chairman Robert Lansing John Skelton Williams Major General Merritte W. Ireland Rear Admiral William C. Braisted Alexander King Miss Mabel T. Boardman John Bassett Moore	Appointed by the President
Judge W. W. Morrow John D. Ryan Mrs. Frank V. Hammar George E. Scott	Elected by the Board of Incorporators
Cornelius N. Bliss, Jr. John N. Genn Franklin K. Lane Eliot Wadsworth Charles D. Norton Henry P. Davison	Elected by Chapter Delegates to the Annual Meeting on Feb. 15, 1919.

Four members of the War Council will remain with the Red Cross as members of the Executive Committee,

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which is the active governing body, appointed from its members by the Central Committee. Its make-up is as follows:

Dr. Livingston Farrand, chairman
Major General Merritte W. Ireland
Rear Admiral Wm. C. Braisted
Secretary of the Interior Lane
Henry P. Davison
Eliot Wadsworth
Cornelius N. Bliss, Jr.
George E. Scott

Frederick C. Munroe, of Salem, Massachusetts, has been made general manager to succeed George E. Scott.

Mrs. Leonard Wood, Mrs. Joseph M. Cudahy, and Mrs. August Belmont were elected to fill vacancies on the Board of Incorporators.

The War Council was created to meet a great emergency. Under its direction the Red Cross met its tremendous tasks with almost unbelievable success. The very excellence of its past service entails future responsibilities that cannot be abandoned. The advent of the new administration brings no halt in progress or change of policy. The work will continue to develop on a permanent peace basis.

While foundations for present emergencies and a successful future are being laid at Cannes and in Washington, the Red Cross is concentrating all its present forces on after-the-war emergencies. Instead of dwindling, demands upon the Red Cross are on the increase. The immediate problem is to marshal its limited resources to meet almost unlimited need. On March 1st the War Fund comprised $30,000,000 in cash and $47,000,000 in purchased supplies. During January and February appropriations were made amounting to $45,000,000 — the largest ever made in the same length of time.

Probably the largest single demand is for clothing. An appropriation of $4,532,880 has been made to provide garments, and 13,500,000 yards of material have been shipped abroad to be made up by the destitute people themselves. Besides this, a monthly shipment of 1,000,000 garments is requested by the Commissioner to Europe. To supply these, chapter women have been asked to make up as much material as possible before July 1st. A country-wide drive in March for 10,000 tons of second-hand clothes has added to the supply.

France has become to some extent the supply house for the rest of Europe. The materials collected there to meet the need arising from long-continued hostilities are being diverted to other commissions as they are needed. In France itself work continues for the American Expeditionary Forces in the base hospitals, where there are still thousands of American soldiers. Medical units followed the Army of Occupation into Germany to render emergency aid and supply service, and army canteen service along the lines of travel has actually increased.

In consideration of the desire of the French people to provide for their own civilian population, the Red Cross is carrying on relief work as far as possible through French organizations. The devastated and invaded regions of France have been divided into districts by the Government, each of which is assigned to a relief society. The fight against infant mortality is being continued with energy. A recent cable requested the shipment of 1,000 sewing machines to enable the destitute to make their own clothes from Red Cross material.

The Red Cross is supplying coal to the refugees returning to their villages. The fact that 6,000 workers are still retained in France and that 200 more have been sent over recently intimates that Red Cross work is not diminishing in that country.

The American Expeditionary Forces have largely evacuated England so, that Red Cross work there is on a diminishing scale. The entertainment of wounded men and returned prisoners continues, however. Sight-seeing parties under Red Cross auspices are popular in London. Soldiers in the Army of Occupation in Germany are permitted two weeks' furlough in England, at the rate of 150 a day. The Red Cross will find these men places to eat and sleep and help them to see the sights. The erection of

Dr. Joshua Rossett, the man who served and saved lives in Russia

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a granite shaft on the Island of Islay as a memorial to the soldiers who perished in the sinking of the *Tuscania* and the *Otranto*, and the perpetual care of their graves, has been entrusted to the Commission for Great Britain. The War Council has appropriated $30,000 for this purpose. The Red Cross has assisted the American Consul at Liverpool in caring for seventy-one seamen released from German prison camps.

The Italian Commission went out of existence on April 1st. Work in that country was concerned almost entirely with relief of the civilian population which could not be handled by the Government during the military emergency. Home service work for the Italian families of American soldiers has been turned over to the Italian Royal Commission of Emigration.

LOOKING EASTWARD

THE alleviation of the tremendous pressure in western Europe has allowed the Red Cross to turn more and more toward the East. In the Balkans and Asia Minor the machinery of ordinary living seems dislocated beyond repair. Railroads and bridges have been destroyed. Roads are impassable. Thirteen miles an hour on a railroad is considered express speed. Districts away from the railroads can be reached only by ox-cart. Doctors are few and far between—often fifty and more miles apart. There is need of food, clothes, fuel, and drugs. Prices are fantastic. In Constantinople, for instance, butter is $4.40 a pound and milk ninety cents a pint. In the invaded districts there are not enough houses for the returning refugees. Everywhere people are on the move. Greeks deported into Bulgaria are going home. Refugees into the interior of Greece are coming back to their homes on the frontier. Serbs stream in from France, Italy, Africa, Bulgaria. Persecuted Armenians are slipping out of their hiding places in the hills. Everyone seems to be going somewhere else, sustained through exhaustion and starvation by the strength of the homing instinct.

The administration of modern relief in this chaotic ebb and flow is an impossibility that is coming true. Nine hospitals are being organized in northern Serbia. Hospitals of 150 and more beds are planned for Belgrade and two other large cities. Six hospitals of fifty beds each will be instituted in towns of ten or twenty thousand inhabitants. Thirteen nurses are assigned to Montenegro. Ten nurses trained in public health nursing and obstetrics will go to Greece. Monastir has been saved from acute suffering by Red Cross aid in coöperating with the Serbian Government. One detail of relief work in that city is the supplying of luncheon to school children and their teachers.

To cover relief work in Palestine and the Near East for the two months ending February 28th, the War Council appropriated $250,000. The personnel of Dr. Finley's Commission has recently been increased, and the work will be continued. General Allenby has requested Red Cross relief in the territory north of Palestine occupied by British troops.

The recent consent of the American Government to operate the Chinese, Eastern, and Trans-Siberian railways under an inter-allied committee has created new possibilities for Red Cross work in Siberia. Assured of a dependable transportation system, the Commission will provide military relief to American soldiers, and hospital and welfare service to American railroad employees and Czech soldiers. It is estimated that this expansion will require the organization of five new hospitals, as well as systematic aid to existing Russian hospitals. The Commission has asked for a large increase in personnel, including 40 doctors, 6 dentists, 100 nurses, nurses' aides, 10 field directors for work with the United States troops, stenographers, warehouse men, garage managers, chauffeurs, and mechanics. The budget for three months, ending June 1st, totals over a million dollars.

The Red Cross is in charge of evacuating Czech wounded from Siberia to their homes. The British hospital ship *Madras* left Vladivostok on February 14th, carrying 453 Czechs in charge of American Red Cross doctors and nurses. These men are the first of the Czech troops to complete their dramatic crusade around the world.

The 100-bed American Red Cross hospital in Archangel is reported to have eighty patients. This institution is next door to the United States Hospital for Military Convalescents and owes much to the cordial coöperation of the chief surgeon there. Members of the Commission continue their periodical visits to American outposts and outlying villages. Their horse sleds have carried them hundreds of miles and they have furnished supplies, comforts, and news to the people in these lonely places. Although this is largely a morale service they have the saving of many peasant lives credited to their advice and medicines.

The Commission to Poland reached Warsaw late in February. A typhus epidemic was raging over the entire country, but fortunately they were equipped to meet such a situation. Eleven carloads of supplies had been sent ahead of the personnel and were ready for immediate use.

The Red Cross Commission for

A TRIBUTE

THE article on "The Train of Death," in the April Number of this Magazine, showed both the courage and the spirit of Red Cross workers in far parts of the world. The Red Cross naturally draws to itself the right kind of men, even as volunteers.

Dr. Joshua Rosselt, of Baltimore because of his experience in dealing with Russian officialdom and his knowledge of the Russian language, was loaned at his own request by the Committee on Public Information to handle the work of the Red Cross at Nikolsk and to succor the pitiful passengers of "the Train of Death." "The greatest piece of American propaganda ever done in Siberia," is the tribute of Colonel Wilson, Chief Surgeon of the Siberian A. E. F. "Dr. Rosselt, Mr. Bukely, and Mr. Strong, who bore the brunt of the work at Nikolsk," so runs the Siberian report, "have certainly done splendidly, and in at least one town in Siberia the Red Cross will be forever remembered."

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Childhood happy though stricken! Above—these Jewish youngsters, refugees dwelling in the temporary and insufficient shelter of rude tents, expect hunger and heat and cold as the natural course of human events. The littlest tots are so used to precarious existence that they await any happening without surprise. Below, a group of Sardinian children hug gifts from the Red Cross

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the relief of allied prisoners of war in Germany reached Berlin on February 26th.

AT HOME

RED CROSS chapters have been asked to continue the production of refugee garments, both sewed and knitted, up to July 1st. The materials that cannot be made up in this period may be returned to National Headquarters, to be used for relief purposes.

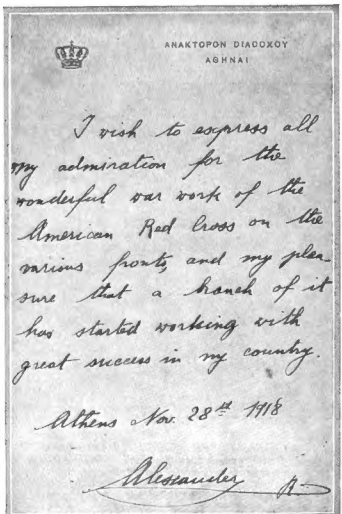
Canteen service to returning soldiers continues in full force. During one month 2,339,000 services were performed at the railroad canteens. Thirty-six thousand one hundred and sixty sick men were given first aid in the canteen huts, and 557 sick men were removed from the trains and put in local hospitals. One million sandwiches, three and a half million cigarettes, 96,000 meals, 328,000 bars of chocolate, besides reading and writing materials, stamps, etc., were distributed without charge. This service will continue as long as the troops come through. Canadian troops landing at Portland, Maine, en route for home, are served by members of the American Red Cross motor and canteen corps.

Home service has been extended to relieve the after effects of the influenza epidemic. The epidemic prostrated many families through the death of the wage earner, and left a deadly trail of lowered vitality and broken health. Where there are no other agencies equal to the task, and where such work does not entail neglect of soldiers' or sailors' families, Home Service Sections may assist victims of the epidemic.

The Red Cross has undertaken to supply the nearest relatives of American troops who died in France with pictures of their graves. The photographers follow a route prescribed by the Government, and the photographs are being sent out as they are taken. It is not necessary to request this service. The Bureau of Communication hopes to distribute them at the rate of five or six thousand a month.

The Bureau of Communication is still transmitting welfare messages to German prisoners in Siberia.

To preach the gospel of public health, thirty and more Red Cross nurses, recently returned from Europe, have been assigned to the principal summer Chautauqua circuits. Their message is part of the Red Cross movement to preserve and increase the national health of America.


ΑΝΑΚΤΟΡΟΝ ΔΙΑΔΟΧΟΥ
ΑΘΗΝΑΙ

I wish to express all my admiration for the wonderful war work of the American Red Cross on the various fronts and my pleasure that a branch of it has started working with great success in my country.

Athens Nov. 28th 1918

Alexander R.

This is a tribute sent from the King of Greece to the Red Cross

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